

THE ROAD TO THE REAL WALES (Illustrated) ^{MAR 10 1942}

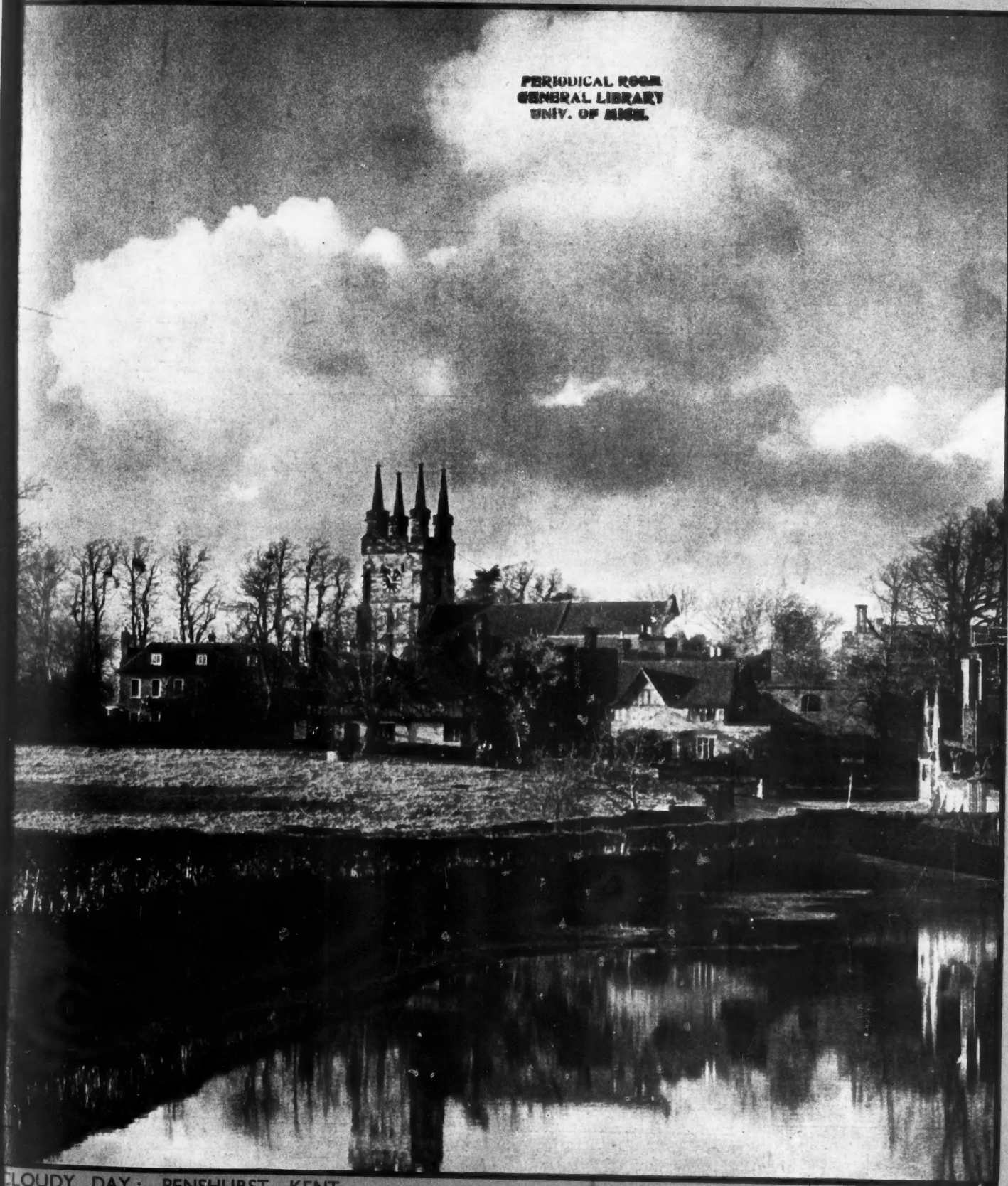
COUNTRY LIFE

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GARDENING

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GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED. Sherwood Cup, Chelsea Show, 1927.—GEORGE G. WHITELEG, The Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.

GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK

MUCH controversy is aroused whenever gardeners meet on the question of growing flowers in wartime. While many consider that every piece of available land should be used for raising food crops, there is another view that flowers grown in odd corners and in a border here and there, do much to gladden our hearts and tide us over the anxious times that are ahead.

I must confess that I share the latter thought, knowing full well that gardeners will make the growing of the nation's food their prime consideration.

Here, then, are some planting suggestions for your wartime flower garden:

FAMOUS BUSH ROSES

Roses are emblematic of British Tradition and need very little attention when once planted. Here is a collection of the 12 finest Bush varieties which will give a glorious effect: ETOILE DE HOLLANDE, red; THE GENERAL, crimson; SOUTHPORT, white; GOLDEN DAWN, yellow; MADAME CUTERLY, pink; SHOP SILK, very early; PICTURE, pink; PHYLIS, yellow; CONQUEROR, flame; DUFFY MAIL, coral red; DUCHESS OF ATHOL, orange; OLD GOLD, copper gold. I will send one strong bush of each of these 12 roses carriage paid and packing free, for the fabulous price of 15/-, and with every collection will include absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, 1 bush of the gorgeous rose CUTHBERT'S PINK PERFECTION, value 3/-, 2 Collections and 2 Free Gifts 25/-, 3 Collections and 2 Free Gifts 42/- carriage paid. The catalogue value of these 13 Rose Trees is over 20/-.

RAMBLING AND CLIMBING VARIETIES. 6 specially selected Rambling and Climbing Roses, all different, 10/-, carriage paid.

STANDARD ROSE TREES. 6 excellent sturdy specimens with large heads in the most popular varieties to my selection (state colours), 25/-, carriage paid.

BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER ROSES

These Roses are becoming increasingly popular, particularly some of the new varieties. Here is a Collection of six of the best types. They flower most prolifically from June until the frost cuts them down. ELSE POULSEN, glowing rose pink; KAREN POULSEN, dazzling scarlet; KIRSTEN POULSEN, bright red; SALMON SPRAY, salmon pink; SUPERBA, crimson scarlet; CORAL CLUSTER, delicate coral pink. These roses are usually priced from 2/- each. I will, however, send the whole Collection of six for 10/-, carriage paid, and as a Special Offer include, free of charge, a Bush of the new ORANGE TRIUMPH, dazzling orange scarlet, very free flowering.

SPRING FLOWERING BULBS

This is your last chance to obtain Spring Flowering Bulbs at such prices. You can have my remaining stock of fine DAFFODIL and NARCISSI Bulbs in mixture, 5/-, 100, 45/-, 1,000, carriage paid, this price bearing no relation to their original cost.

FAMOUS RUSSELL LUPINS

I have managed to find a small corner to keep the stock of this famous plant going, and am very pleased to be able to offer them again in mixed colours, fine large roots, 7/6 doz., carriage paid. 3 dozen £1. These plants all flowered last year giving large spikes of dazzling multi-coloured flowers.

RHODODENDRON SPLENDOR

There is no finer evergreen Flowering Shrub than the beautiful Rhododendron. The dazzling splendour and magnificence of its flowers in June cannot be excelled. It is a pity more gardeners do not have them, but as they are expensive to grow that may be the reason.

Here, then, is a chance to get them at HALF PRICE or less. Agriculture demands more land, so I must reduce my stock. Fine 2 ft. sturdy bushes of CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS HYBRID RHODODENDRONS, mixed colours, pinks, reds, mauves, purples, usually catalogued at 5/- upwards, now offered at 3/- each, 6 for 16/6 post 9d., or 30/- a doz. post 1/-.

FREE.—Send for your copy of CUTHBERT'S GARDENING TIMES, 1942 Edition. A helpful book and current catalogue for solving your Gardening problems.

Write to me for any help you may require on Gardening matters.

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTINUED ON

INSIDE BACK COVER.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCI. No. 2351

FEBRUARY 6, 1942



Harlip

MRS. PAUL RICHEY

Mrs. Richey is the elder daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, Chairman of the Forestry Commission, and of Lady Robinson. Her husband, Acting Squadron-Leader Paul Richey, who was recently awarded a bar to his D.F.C., is the author of *Fighter Pilot*

COUNTRY LIFE

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WEALDEN IRON

THERE will be general relief that there are formidable technical objections to working again the iron deposits in the Weald, which, it had been suggested, could supplement national supplies of ore more effectively than scrap metal. The Romans worked Sussex iron, and from the thirteenth century, when the royal ironworks in St. Leonards Forest began, an increasing proportion of the country's supply came from Sussex and the Wealden corners of Surrey and Kent, till the discovery in 1738, of how to use coal-coke, led to the industry's drift to the north. The zenith of the Weald ironworks was the century from Henry VIII's reign to Charles I's, when, between Petworth and Robertsbridge, East Grinstead and Chiddingfold, there were forty-two forges and foundries in Sussex alone. The first cannon were cast at Buxted, in 1574, by Ralph Hogge; they were still being made at Heathfield and Lamberhurst till 1770. Most of the pits went no deeper than 20 feet, and, by modern standards, the beds are thin and broken, so that, according to Mr. J. L. E. Smith, they could not be worked with heavy machinery on a large scale. Moreover, the fine quality of Wealden iron was due more to its being smelted with charcoal than to any particular excellence of the ore itself. Various uneconomic attempts were made in the last century to revive the industry by importing coal or exporting ore, and from time to time borings have been made for coal. In 1810 a vein 10 inches thick was discovered by a Mr. John Fuller (an old family of ironmasters) on his estate near Heathfield, but appears not to have been followed up. So, as the author of a monograph on the industry concluded twenty years ago: "All things considered, it seems scarcely probable that the peace of the Weald will again be disturbed."

FARMERS' DILEMMAS

WHEN, with general approval, the national agricultural wage was raised to sixty shillings, it was naturally pointed out by farmers—and, fortunately, they are not lacking in the House of Commons—that, glad as they were to see their men more prosperous, there must be some corresponding rise in prices if farmers are to have the cash to carry on business. It is to be hoped that their problem will have been met before these words appear. But meanwhile small farmers, at any rate, who have lent themselves wholeheartedly to carrying out the Government's plans, are placed in a difficult position. Mr. Hudson's promise to them is that: "If, as a result of increases in wage rates, such substantial changes take place, the question of appropriate price

adjustments will certainly arise and will be examined commodity by commodity." In the interim small farmers have been worried by the fact that, having already used all their capital and credit in increasing their output, they are finding it very difficult to meet the current increase in wages. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that, when the Government's decision is taken with regard to future prices, some special consideration may be given to backing farmers' current credits. Another matter which is troubling them at the moment is that those of them who, following the Government's advice, have left as much of their last crop as possible in stack, will be hard put to it to get their corn threshed by March 31, after which the price declines. Here, too, it looks as though a friendly and helping hand might well be given by the Government.

SIR JOHN RUSSELL

THE appointment of Sir John Russell to advise the Minister of Information on Soviet relations has been generally welcomed. Too often such matters of liaison are entrusted, as of right and necessity, to politicians, diplomats or linguistic experts. In Sir John Russell we have a man whose work for agriculture has carried him all over the globe, and has made him a wise counsellor to constructively minded people in many countries. He has been for many years *persona grata* in the land of the Soviets, and has been given unusual facilities for watching and examining the progress of Russian co-operative agriculture. Many of the problems which the two nations will have jointly to consider are concerned with food production; and Sir John suggested to the recent British Association conference ways in which we could help Russia to counteract the drastic effects which were bound to result from the scorched-earth policy. Seed corn of the Russian type could, he suggested, for instance, be grown in large quantities in Canada, so as to be ready to supply deficiencies at the end of the war. But his new job is not exclusively an agricultural one, and it may be taken as a sign that the Government has jettisoned the old idea that an "expert" is useless for any purpose outside his special subjects.

PEACE

*SILVERLY sleeping lies the world to-night,
And gravely hang the stars about the sky.
So peaceful run the roads and streams that fright
Seems but a painful dream, and war a lie.*

*Yet loveliness has ever been a dew
Bearing fresh healing from the cold world's smart,
And tender peace where'er it shall renew
The lovely landscapes in a stormy heart.*

CATHERINE MOYNIHAN.

A FUTURE FOR COUNTRY HOUSES

MR. HESKETH HUBBARD makes a suggestion in Correspondence which will surely appeal to a great many people; to supplement the uses outlined in our recent article on the future of country houses, by establishing a kind of modern Charterhouse for retired professional men in one of them, or better still, a number of such establishments. He conjures up an agreeable vision of 40 or 50 bachelors or widowers, with their own quarters but with library, studio, music room, and so on in common, and perhaps a laboratory or workshop somewhere in the outbuildings. But we are afraid the time is not ripe for adopting his further suggestion that COUNTRY LIFE should open a foundation fund for this purpose. The present scale of taxation raises too many problems of its own. A more hopeful and practical proposal is that the owner of such a place should himself take the initiative and, in effect, convert redundant parts of his house into a select residential establishment of this kind. The selection of "brethren" might be effected by an *ad hoc* organisation to which applicants could apply and by which, a delicate matter, they would be approved on whatever qualification may be specified.

CATTLE IN THE NEW FOREST

THE Hampshire War Agricultural Committee, as part of the national effort to turn every acre of land to maximum productive purpose, has prepared a scheme by which the

Government is to take over 1,000 acres near Beaulieu for the breeding of cattle in large numbers. Cattle of a kind have always had the run of certain areas of the Forest. They are the property of the commoners, traditional pasturers of ponies and cattle, who are now said to be flocking to the factories. The scheme is described as an experiment in ranching aimed at retaining the commoners and increasing the productivity of the Forest at the same time, by improving the grazing. If the scheme succeeds it will be extended to 10,000 or 20,000 acres with a Government grant of £5 an acre. A correspondent objects that the intention and the amenities of the New Forest will be permanently destroyed by turning what should be a national park and nature reserve, into a ranch. In normal times this view would command sympathetic support. But the public probably does not realise the plight in which agriculture is, as a result of the progressive ploughing up of pastures, in finding space to carry cattle, which provide not only beef but milk. Deer forests in the Highlands are being pressed into this use. We can no longer afford to keep waste ground for the luxury of the eye. While men and women are being conscripted for national service, so, if the Ministry of Agriculture believes the proposal will help to feed the nation, must every acre of cultivable land, whether game preserve or nature reserve.

THE LAST OF A BROTHERHOOD

THERE are some of whom it seems natural to think or write with a certain affectionate familiarity and without prefix. So it may be said that with the death of Edward Lyttelton there comes to an end one of those brotherhoods, famous in the world of games, which were commoner in old days than they are now. The Graces, the Walkers, and now the Lytteltons have passed away, leaving the Fosters as the only successors to their sceptre in a younger generation. In Mr. F. I. Pittman, too, the man who made the name famous in rowing has crossed another river. Of the eight Lytteltons C. G., Edward and Alfred were by common consent the best cricketers, and a special word is also due to R. H. who, though less distinguished as a player, had a natural gift of writing picturesquely and incisively about the game, which has rarely been surpassed. Edward Lyttelton was captain of the Cambridge eleven of 1878, which still, after nearly sixty-four years, is generally deemed the best that ever played. It went through the season undefeated and traditionally inspired the Australians with a wholesome terror of a light blue blazer. Never was a team richer in the names of cricketing families, with two Lytteltons, two Steels, a Ford, and a Lucas. Some eminent game-players have been exhausted by their triumphs and have rested on boyish laurels ever afterwards. The Lytteltons made no such mistake and led busy and successful lives in various directions. Canon Lyttelton was headmaster first of Haileybury and afterwards of Eton, which had nurtured himself and his brothers. That he was a great headmaster it would be flattery to assert, since he was a little prone to amiable enthusiasms which faded away almost as suddenly as they had arisen. But though he sometimes exasperated his colleagues he always retained their affection as he did that of the boys. Indeed, no one could know him without appreciating his genuine, friendly and delightful qualities.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE CLUBS

IT has just been computed that if all the clubs and associations in this country turned out merely one hundredweight each of paper, their combined contribution to the national collection would amount to no less than 6,317½ tons. The most unassuming local association could cheerfully find a hundredweight of useless paper once a month if not once a week. Those who use the West End clubs know what an amount of necessary duplication and re-duplication there is in the ordering of papers and periodicals. What club committees can do is to see that everything it is unnecessary to retain finds its way as soon as possible to the paper dump. There is also the question of those vast collections of bound magazines with which our grandfathers delighted to "furnish" the library shelves.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

SEVERAL correspondents have written to say that they are lucky enough to own quince trees, and two of them have provided convincing evidence—exhibits "in legal parlance—as opposed to hearsay evidence, which we all know is inadmissible. They all admit, however, that their trees are very old indeed, and it would seem there is no young entry coming along to maintain the stock. Apparently the quince is not indigenous to the British Isles, the tree having been introduced into this country from the Continent, and there are two varieties, one hailing from Serbia and the other from Portugal. It is the Serbian type that flourishes in this country and, according to one correspondent, the reason why most of the young trees supplied by market gardeners fail to-day is that they stock only the Portuguese strain, which in most cases is not a success in this climate.

I have met the quince in many parts of the Middle and Near East, where it appears to thrive in any sort of soil or any type of climate, and at the Greek Monastery of St. Catherine on the Mountain of the Law in Sinai the monks grow the fruit extensively and make a most excellent jam from it. They say their particular trees came originally from Cyprus, where they have a branch monastery, though I am not quite certain if the word branch, suggesting as it does banks, bookshops and chemists, is the correct adjective to use in connection with a monastic brotherhood.

WHEN one arrives as a visitor at this isolated old mountain Monastery—one of the oldest occupied buildings in the world—one is received in state by the Archbishop and monks in the guest chamber and handed, first, black coffee. Two cups of this are drunk, and then small glasses of *mustique*, a highly potent liqueur made from dates, are passed round on a tray, together with a bowl of quince jam and some tea-spoons. The correct monastic procedure at this stage is to take a spoonful of jam, lick the spoon clean, replace it on the tray and then enjoy the flavour of the liqueur, which is quite excellent. The best seat in the room for this ceremony is that on the right of the line, as this enables the guest to have first choice of the spoons. If one happens to be well down the row of chairs it necessitates exceptional eyesight and concentration of attention to mark down an unused spoon among the pile on the tray.

ONCE when visiting this monastery I met there a most charming and entertaining Greek novitiate of the brotherhood. Unlike most novitiates, who are usually young men with downy brown beards just beginning to sprout, he was a very old gentleman and his beard and his hair, which he wore in a bun beneath his monkish hat, were snowy white. He spoke English so fluently and easily that I wondered where and how he had acquired his exceptional colloquial knowledge of the language, but when we began to talk of England, which he knew well, I could obtain no response or enthusiasm whatsoever when I dwelt on the recognised ecclesiastical sights of England, which I imagined would appeal to a member of an ultra-religious fraternity. Exeter Cathedral, Glastonbury, Winchester and St. Paul's left him cold, but when I mentioned Lincoln he sat up and his filmy eye brightened.



E. W. Lattersall

MORE SNOW TO COME: BY THE CANAL, NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE

"Ah, Lincoln!" he said. "That reminds me I haven't heard who won the Lincoln Handicap this year. It's very difficult to obtain up-to-date racing information in this place."

Later he showed me his photograph taken at Liverpool, where as a younger man he had been a member of a firm of bookmakers, and it was just possible to see the resemblance between the old infirm monk in his black smock and the young man in the picture, who was wearing a very sporting low-crowned brown bowler with a jay's wing feather in the band, and a suit of such startling checks that it would have taken at least three men to show the full pattern.

OWING to the recent cold spell, there have been a large number of what we call temporary or overseas members at the Bird Table Club—the type of member who pays a very reduced subscription, but who makes the very fullest use of all the facilities, to the discomfort and annoyance of the regular habitués, on the rare occasions when he does invade the premises. These occasional visitors seem to be about as popular in the bird world as are their opposite numbers of the human species when they migrate to St. James's, Piccadilly and Pall Mall during the leave season, fill up the hairdresser's room, take the best chairs, and sit on five illustrated papers while they read the sixth.

Our regular members, the robin, Blue tit, chaffinch and Great tit, were so furious at this invasion that they were unable to make a

proper meal. The nuthatch, who cannot, however, claim to be an Overseas member, was the greatest offender, as not only was his general behaviour most obnoxious and ill-mannered, but he provided proof that he was either a black marketeer or a food hoarder. A store of rather aged pea-nuts had been put out for those old original members, the tits, and in less than a quarter of an hour the nuthatch, by hurried flights between the table and his secret cache in a beech tree, had removed a supply that normally should have been sufficient to last a week. His low standard of honour and complete lack of public spirit were on a par with that of the woman with an expensive car, mentioned by a Member in the House, who, with the car filled to the roof with tins of fruit was still making a tour of the shops of the countryside on the day before the rationing of this commodity started.

So far, neither the Marsh tit nor the coal-tit has been seen, and usually there are two or more pairs of each in the garden. I recall now that Miss Frances Pitt commented last spring on the very severe casualties among the tit family, which had occurred during the harsh winter of 1940, and with the small caterpillar which specialises in oak tree foliage very much in evidence again in this part of the world the tit is a bird we cannot afford to lose. Some ten years ago many of the finest oak trees in the New Forest were killed by the recurrence of this caterpillar in three successive springs.



OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY OF LONDON. BEACONSFIELD—"A SHEER DELIGHT"

THE ROAD TO THE REAL WALES

By R. T. LANG

NORTH WALES brings thoughts of bathing huts and beaches backed by mountains, and South Wales of coal, but for real Wales one must strike through the heart of the Principality, by the great high road which begins at Marble Arch in London and finishes on the front at Aberystwyth.

The bottle-neck at Notting Hill needs all one's attention, although our thoughts may linger regretfully on the comment of a chronicler of only 100 years ago, who wrote of its "excellent air and beautiful prospects on the moor." It

is a traffic-packed road through Acton, where, in the eighteenth century, the ladies of London were in the habit of reviving their complexions by taking the waters. Ealing has kept its common; after that the traffic thins down till we get to the congested main street of Uxbridge.

Once through that we are really in the country. Beaconsfield is a sheer delight; many men have wisely chosen it as a place in which to live out of the hurly-burly of London. Then we get more congestion through High Wycombe, where chairs are produced by the million, and out to seductive West Wycombe,

now owned and preserved by the National Trust. Here there are ancient houses and inns in plenty; beyond it old motorists may remember the days when Dashwood Hill was a favourite testing-ground for cars. That was on the old road, which may still be seen and is sometimes used for the same purpose, on the right.

There are grand and far-spreading views as the road sweeps down Stokenchurch Hill, a mile and three-quarters long, and lovely country till we reach the Oxford by-pass and switch off to miss the University city. The by-pass will be picturesque when the lowly trees have



YARD OF THE BLACK BOY INN, WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
The village's many ancient houses and inns are now preserved by the National Trust



THE HAMLET OF CHURCH ENSTONE, OXFORDSHIRE

grown up, but it provides one pretty picture of Cassington Church, standing over to the right. After seven miles we turn along the Woodstock road, soon coming to the great park of Blenheim, the home of 'Fair Rosamund, mistress of Henry II, with still the well in which "this beautiful creature did wash herself." To-day it is the palatial home of the Duke of Marlborough; Parliament voted the great duke half a million to build it, but when the time came for payment haggled out at half. Just by the gateway is the home of Chaucer's son, where the poet himself was probably a frequent visitor.

Through Woodstock we run on to Enstone, where there is a strange memory of the rude sports of our forefathers. To the pool on the right they would come in the seventeenth century to have water squirted over them during banquets and dances; even Charles I and his queen came on one occasion to join in this ribald revelry.

At Southcombe we turn left on A 44, which carries us from here all the way to Aberystwyth, through Chipping Norton, the home of baseball in England and with an interesting old inn, the White Hart. There you may see the four-poster beds of 200 years ago—and sleep in one if you happen to be staying—and a quaint brass tobacco-box, with a slot for the coin, a spring lid and this admonition:

A Halfpenny drop into the Till.
Press down the Spring and you may fill,
When you have filled, without Delay,
Shut down the Lid, or Sixpence pay.

The scene now becomes one of rich, refulgent charm to the Four Shires Stone, where Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire used to meet till the county boundaries were altered 10 years ago. Here, also, it is said that Edmund Ironside defeated Canute on one of the several occasions when the great Dane invented the habit of "losing every battle except the last one."

Moreton in the Marsh, Gloucestershire, is an old-fashioned place, where, in normal times, the

curfew bell is still used to summon the fire brigade, and then comes the ascent through stone-built Bourton on the Hill and along the top of the land to the long sweep down into beautiful Broadway, Worcestershire. Under the fruit blossom of the spring or the changing leaves of autumn it is one of the loveliest villages in England. Old stone houses make a charming background, but why was the fifteenth-century milestone, which used to stand in the street, destroyed during the sign panic? Surely it could have been stored. The orchards are rich and rare to Bengeworth, where we turn aside

and avoid Evesham for Pershore, which William Camden tells us got its name from the quantities of pears in the district. Plums are now the speciality. Finally comes the long run down into what is, in some respects, the most famous city of the west.

I love Worcester. It is so English, so sure of itself, the "faithful city" which remained loyal to the Stuart king when almost all others had forsaken him. It has still its own lord-lieutenant, high sheriff and city chamberlain. Its history goes back to the ancient Britons, and in the great cathedral on the left lie King



RODESDALE HALL, MORETON IN THE MARSH

Here, in normal times, the fire brigade is still summoned by the ringing of the curfew bell



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL: THE EARLIEST ROYAL EFFIGY IN ENGLAND IS BORNE BY THE TOMB OF KING JOHN

John, with the earliest royal effigy in England, Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII, Anne, the wife of Izaak Walton, and the Countess of Salisbury who, according to legend, was the immediate cause of the institution of the Order of the Garter. The commandery and the guildhall are fine specimens of old work, but if you are interested in public affairs see the new county buildings, the very essence of efficiency and economy, for, 117ft. by 94ft.,

with three floors, they were built a few years ago for less than £25,000.

After crossing the Severn and passing the county cricket ground, turn aside two and a half miles farther, if you are interested in music, to the birthplace of Sir Edward Elgar, less than two miles to the right. It is now an Elgar museum.

The western way now lies through shimmering woods to the sharp twist at Knightsford

Bridge, just beside which is the church in which lie the two daughters of Colonel Lane, who helped Charles II to escape after Boscobel. The hills become more noticeable through Bromyard, Herefordshire, a picturesque little town, till at last the road winds into Leominster, whose nunnery acquired such a fame in Saxon days that it was known as "Love Minster." The town is full of old houses and shops and over the Clarke almshouses of 1736 is this excellent advice:

He that gives away all
Before he is dead,
Let 'em take this Hatchett
And knock him on ye head.

Everywhere you can buy models of the recognised town souvenir, the ducking-stool, which was the last to be used in England, when Sarah Leeke was paraded round the town in it in 1809; there was not enough water for the usual purpose.

Five miles more brings us to picturesque Eardisland, a nest of half-timbered houses, some of them four or five hundred years old. Pembridge stands in the midst of delicious woods, with a market hall which is now scheduled as an ancient monument and a detached wooden belfry at the church which is one of the finest in the country.

Next on to Kington, where Sarah Siddons made her first appearance on the stage, and in another two miles we reach the stone marking the entrance into Wales.

Little New Radnor was once the county town of Radnorshire, walled and fortified, and beyond it the real grandeur of the road begins. As recently as the reign of Queen Elizabeth wolves roamed around here, and the scene is certainly wild enough for anyone's imagination. Over the top the road winds down the side of the hill with far-reaching view and then rambles through pleasant country to Rhayader, an old place, where Rhys ap Gruffydd built a castle and made the town a storm-centre for the next 500 years. Beyond Rhayader we travel a road which is yet barely



FALLS IN THE RHEIDOL VALLEY, CARDIGANSHIRE

Illustrations by British Council and Will F. Taylor

100 years old; three miles from the town there is a fascinating scene where the Marten joins the Wye, just below the road.

One gets the full sweep of the mountain air now and the engine seems to run better as she purrs up the steady rise to Llangurig, Montgomeryshire. From that it is a persistent ascent to the summit, so well graded that even a fully loaded small car will make nothing of it. The culmination of the climb is nearly 1,400ft. above the sea; to the right rises Plinlimmon, the monarch of the Welsh mountains of this part. From its slopes the Severn, the Wye and the Rheidol begin their lovely lives.

Do not, however, be tempted by the apparently easy path to the top. There are treacherous bogs, and a local guide is always

desirable. There are sharp bends on the descent, but it is worth while to take it easily for the sake of the glorious views.

Just beyond Ponterwyd, Cardiganshire, the Falls of the Rheidol, in the wild and rocky Eagle's Gorge, lie right of the road. Old lead mines by the way tell their tale of a forgotten past, and, approaching the end, little Llanbadarnfawr seems a tiny place to have been once the seat of a bishopric. It lost its fame when the people killed the bishop.

Aberystwyth lies just ahead. It is not only the popular holiday resort of mid-Wales, but also an historic place, where in 1404 Owen Glendower, the patriot prince, achieved one of his great successes. The University of Wales has chosen an excellent site for its buildings,

looking out to sea, for the greatest charm of Aberystwyth is to watch the sun go down into the water. Nowhere in this country are there more glorious golden sunsets, and for these alone Aberystwyth will be remembered. It is also a delightful centre for some of the loveliest parts of Wales. The Devil's Bridge, Strata Florida, Machynlleth, Aberdovey, Dolgelly, Lampeter and Cardigan are all within easy reach, and their names will recall many charming excursions to all who have revelled in this out-of-the-world region. The little hamlets tucked away in the hills retain many of the old Welsh customs and you do not "know" Wales till you have wandered among them. You meet here the real Wales, free from the hustling tourist, and a part of Britain which has changed little in a thousand years.

HEDGIE KEATS: A TAME HEDGEHOG

Written and Illustrated by M. FORSTER KNIGHT

HEDGIE KEATS was a baby asleep with his family in the side of a deep ditch when he was scented and dug out by an infuriated terrier, who, like most dogs hunting urchins, had lost a sense of proportion as soon as his nose was prickled with bristling spines.

The little animal screamed as the dog worried and tossed him, but he was quickly rescued, and when I examined him carefully, no bites were visible on his body and legs, probably owing to the fact that the terrier was extraordinarily tender-mouthed (he could carry a live bird without marking it) and had an aversion to killing anything but mice.

I happened to want a hedgehog just then, so I rolled him into a handkerchief and brought him home. Because of his extreme youth everyone fussed over him from the start, and, though he assumed languid airs as befitted one who had been through alarming experiences, something about his lively eyes suggested that his health was unimpaired.

At times he had a lost and bewildered expression (hedgehogs usually contrive to look slightly misunderstood), yet he seemed happy enough, and was nursed back to health with the general idea that he would mop up the blackbeetles which had recently appeared in an outhouse.

He took to invalidism like a moth to moonlight and, though he soon grew quite well, refused to throw off the habits that brought him attention and tit-bits. No doubt he was fed by too many people, and walking around to find his own food did not appeal to him.

It was enchanting to see him as a baby lying on his back in a flannel nest by the fire, but

when his shape attained a vast and aldermanic roundness it became an absurdity. There he snoozed, lolling back at his ease, his warm brown waistcoat exposed, inviting the sympathetic strokes and murmurings of an admiring audience.

Someone suggested that seen thus, with glistening eye and head tilted back, he reminded one of the well-known likeness of Keats, notable for its inspired expression; so Hedgie Keats he was called from that day.

He grew still more lazy, and I felt it was high time he was jolted out of this unnatural hearthrug existence and began to earn his bread and milk. One evening, in determined mood, I carried him into the outhouse, and, shutting the door, left him to find his own supper.

Half an hour passed, and I tiptoed back with a light, fully expecting to see him crunching the last of the cockroaches. There was no sign of Keats, and four or five beetles were holding their nightly parade without the slightest inconvenience.



HEDGIE ON HIS FLANNEL BED INVITES SYMPATHETIC STROKES

Seen thus, his inspired expression reminded one of the well-known portrait of Keats

with relish; nothing, however, would induce him to round them up on the floor. When he had eaten three he twisted his head and impaled the remaining insects on to his bristles. I have never known another hedgehog do this. Whether he meant to store a meal or merely liked the idea of beetle decorations I do not know.

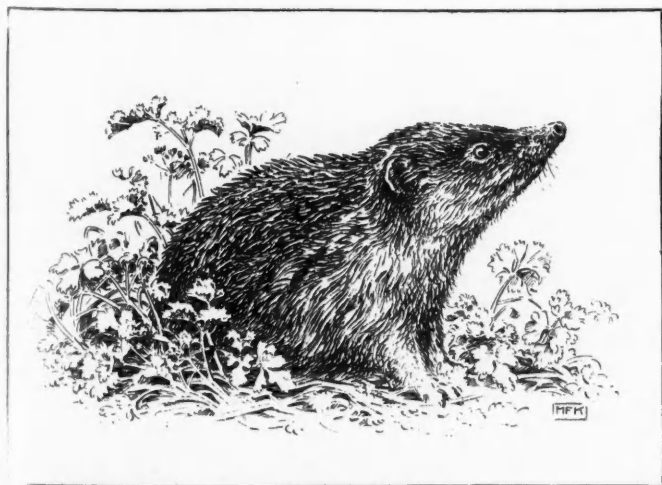
As it seemed unlikely that he would ever become a beetle-catcher, it was decided to try him in the garden. The roots of plants would surely be cured of pests of all kinds. So his box, complete with flannel, was fixed in a sheltered spot and he was left to "go to it."

At the end of a week there may or may not have been a reduction in slugs, but the pansies were flattened, the parsley border was crushed and flat little paths were under and between most plants. The man who invented tanks, I ruminated, no doubt kept hedgehogs and derived his inspiration thereby.

The life suited Keats, though to our regret he lost much of his tameness, and drew a spiky hood over his nose when we peeped into his nest, and when the evening came he waited for our footsteps to recede before he snuffled over his bread and milk.

Once I noticed him scramble up some stones with considerable agility, and I was not greatly surprised when one night he disappeared, having climbed the wall by way of a bush and rolled down the other side.

The fields are only a few minutes' walk from the house, and it is very probable that Hedgie Keats, who always knew just what he wanted, found his way to them. I do not think he would miss his friends: life in the garden had made him somewhat detached, but perhaps when he was deep in a bed of leaves—a trifle damp from heavy autumn mists—he dreamed sometimes of the warm folds of his flannel bed.



THE PARSLEY BORDER WAS CRUSHED AND THE PANSIES WERE FLATTENED

the man who invented tanks no doubt derived his inspiration from hedgehogs"

CHAIRS FROM THE CHILTERN

By C. F. F. SNOW



A CHAIR-LEG BEGUN; CHOPPING TO THE RIGHT SIZE



TRIMMING THE ROUGH-CUT LEG WITH A DRAW-SHAVE



A LEG BEING TURNED BY MEANS OF A FLY-WHEEL LATHE

CHAIRS have been essential to man's comfort and contentment ever since he grew civilised enough to devise for himself a certain standard of living. Nowadays most chairs are mass-produced in factories, wood, the original material, being at times displaced by chromium and steel. Yet not so long ago chairs were hewn from the rough logs by the hand of skilled craftsmen, each chair a lasting tribute to the proud craftsmanship of its maker.

The lovely, wooded Chilterns, where the material for his work grew almost at each wood-worker's doorstep, was the home of the chair-maker, and the chair-leg-turner, known locally as the bodger. The immense strides in mass production caused the demand for hand-made chairs and chair-legs to grow smaller and smaller until the workers were forced to turn to other

work, leaving tasks which they enjoyed and for which they were particularly fitted. Only those whose inherited skill and pride in their craft made even the smallness of the profit seem unimportant remained.

One of the few remaining Chiltern chair-makers is Edward Goodchild, who makes his chairs in an ancient building that was once a cow-shed. This building, long, low and weather-beaten, has a roof which is tiled on the outside but has a cosy inner lining of thatch. The inside is so filled with chairs and chair parts that there is little room for the worker, still less for the casual caller. It is just possible to see, between the piles of chair-backs, seats, arms, legs, and bundles of splats the marks on the whitewashed wall made by cribs and cow-chains years ago. In addition to all the chair parts, some piled on boards overhead, there is a bewildering array of tools. Shaves, travishers, adzes, gouges, scrapers and cleaning-up irons in great variety are arrayed in shining order. Many belonged to Goodchilds now dead, others to chair-makers who have been forced by old age or modern conditions to lay aside their tools. Our chair-maker has the true craftsman's love of his tools; he collects fresh ones as opportunity offers and adds them to his already imposing collection.

The chair-maker possesses the ability and skill to fashion a complete chair from the wooden logs. Some of his best work goes into lovely armchairs made from yew. These are exquisite in design and are finished to a satin-like smoothness until the wood gleams with a golden glow. Working with yew is no easy task, for the wood is iron-like in its hardness, seeming to have been produced too slowly ever to know decay. It also exhales a poisonous smell which is apt to cause headaches and sickness. This unpleasant characteristic of the yew does not daunt Mr. Goodchild; it seem even to spur him to greater efforts, for his finished chairs have a grace and beauty all their own.

Chair-legs are split from logs and roughly shaped and shaved at a draw-shave horse or vice. This particular chair-maker uses a fly-wheel lathe for turning the legs; others still use the more primitive pole lathe. There are several chair-leg turners still working in this part of the country, so it is possible to buy hand-turned legs when time does not permit the chair-maker to make them himself.

Some of the seats are roughly shaped at a near-by factory; others are made entirely by hand. Mr. Goodchild's father spent practically his whole working life making seats. The son still uses his ancestor's adze, its handle worn into deep grooves by thumb and fingers during years of strenuous work.

When the seat has been roughly shaped by means of the adze, it is smoothed and finished. Then the holes are bored for the legs and back



(Left) HUNDREDS OF SEATS "WEATHERING" BEFORE BEING USED



(Right) SHAPING A SEAT WITH A CENTURY-OLD ADZE



to fit it. Before doing this, the chair-maker fastens round his chest a curious wooden breast-bib. In this fits the stock of the gouge which makes the holes. This work is done on a bench formed by a great solid slab of oak, a fit work-bench for a man who knows and loves wood as this one does.

The legs and stretchers are fitted together before the "legging up," which is hammering the legs into the seat. Most of the chairs have bow backs, and these are steamed in a tank in the orchard to make them pliable enough to bend to the desired shape. It takes two men to pull them into shape round an iron block; after they have cooled they are tied and hung up until they are wanted.

The designs used are mostly taken from Sheraton, Hepplewhite, ladder-back and Windsor chairs of the eighteenth century, modified and adapted.

Small everyday chairs, about six of which are completed in a day, have wheel or fiddle backs. The armchairs, made from choice woods, have cabriole feet and elaborate backs of varied design. Those that need staining are coloured in a special tank in the orchard, where piles of wood await transformation into chairs.

Every chair that leaves this primitive workshop, with its fascinating medley of wood and tools, is an example of the skill of inherited craftsmanship. Each one has an individuality that no factory-made chair can possess, for it has been evolved by a man who knows and understands the material from which it was made. Every process passes through this one pair of hands, from the rough hewing to the final, delicate work bringing out the grain and colour of the wood.

In such country crafts as this the genius of past generations still glows, and the craftsmen have the silent authority of men who strive not for material advantage alone. War conditions have to some extent brought about a bigger demand and a better price for the products of these workers in wood. Perhaps such conditions will outlive the war and give the men renewed confidence and fuller opportunities.

(Left, above) BORING HOLES FOR THE LEGS

A wooden guard is used to protect the chest

(Left, below) HAMMERING SPARS AND LEGS INTO POSITION

This work is done on an oak bench hundreds of years old

(Right, above) A "WHEEL BACK" BEING SET UP

(Right, below) A BACK MUST BE WELL PLANED AND SANDPAPERED



THE BLOCK ON WHICH STEAMED WOOD FOR A CHAIR-BACK IS PULLED TO SHAPE

The wood is clamped until it cools and sets



FINISHED CHAIRS ARE STAINED IN A LARGE TANK AND THEN THOROUGHLY POLISHED

Every process passes through only one pair of hands

THE CAROLINE COUNTRY PARSON

GEORGE HERBERT'S IDEAL

By A. L. ROWSE



MONTGOMERY AND LYMORE HOUSE (now demolished)

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, George Herbert's elder brother, moved from Montgomery Castle to the new-built house in Charles I's reign



IT sometimes occurs to me, as I know it does to others, to see a historical period in an image, a pictured scene, a landscape of the mind, as if one looked into some old forgotten mirror and saw there the shapes, the figures it had beheld in that time past, the sunlight and clouds passing of three hundred years ago. When I think of the quiet, peaceful decade before the Civil War, when Charles was King and Laud building the lovely garden-front of his college at Oxford, it is always early summer. I see the blue sky with white feathery clouds and those figures walking with grave seventeenth-century tread up and down the terraces of some great house, as it might be Wilton or Great Tew, where Falkland walked in the shades with Hobbes and Sidney Godolphin. It is Sunday; the church bells are stilled, yet there is music in the village away beyond the park-pale; and within, there is the drone of bees busy among the rosemary and musk and lavender: they have a nest in the church-porch next the great house. The figures upon the terrace group and regroup themselves while discoursing upon poetry and the times. I cannot hear what they are saying; now they pause—there is a rustle of satin upon stone,—and look out over the parterres and English fields to where there is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand upon the horizon. A rain-storm threatens; the sky is lowering: the threat of the Civil War that came to break up that Caroline peace. The figures are driven in: the terraces deserted.

Such is the world that the very thought of George Herbert conjures up in the mind. His poetry is, perhaps, the most perfect, the ideal, expression of it, if not the most complete, because of its very unworldliness: it reflects the soul of that world. And now his poetry and prose alike have been brought together in a definitive edition, a beautiful book, which is a masterpiece of loving scholarship and understanding.*

* *The Works of George Herbert*. Edited by F. F. Hutchinson. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 37s. 6d.)

TOMB OF SIR RICHARD AND LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT, PARENTS OF GEORGE HERBERT, IN MONTGOMERY CHURCH. Erected 1600



Cecil Beaton

WILTON, AS BUILT BY THE POET'S KINSMAN, THE THIRD EARL OF PEMBROKE. BEMERTON LIES AT THE
EDGE OF ITS PARK

Herbert is the best-known of those religious poets of the seventeenth century who all came from the Welsh Border. Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne: one wonders whether the Welsh admixture in their blood may not have given them their leaning to mysticism, their familiar vision of eternity in the transitory things of this world, their way of hearing

Church-bells beyond the starres.

George Herbert was born at Montgomery, that delightful Border town, where his family had been governors of the Castle for generations. As one writes, one remembers the view out over the little town from the height where the Castle stood, the broad street at the foot, the cottage gardens bright with wall-flowers, the fine church with the splendid painted tomb of George Herbert's parents, Sir Richard and the Lady Magdalen. Their fifth son was one of those men of genius who owed everything to a remarkable

mother, the friend of Donne, who wrote of her:

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

Left a widow, she brought up her family herself, the eldest of whom, Edward, was to become the brilliant soldier philosopher, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and early intended her clever youngest son for orders. But though, from the time he began to write, he dedicated himself to sacred poetry, he had other ideas about a career. With such a family background—and we learn that when young at Cambridge, as was perhaps only natural, he "put too great a value on his parts and parentage"—he aspired to a career in the state. He became Public Orator at the university with that end in view. But ill-health dogged him all his life, and instead of becoming a self-important figure in affairs, conspicuous for a moment and then to

disappear into oblivion, he became a priest and poet, a figure who will not be forgotten so long as English is spoken. It was long before he could bring himself to take the yoke. In 1625, his patrons, King James and the Dukes of Richmond and Hamilton, died, and Herbert took deacon's orders. Still he delayed, living in the country in various houses of friends, pursued by illness, consoling himself with music and books, and, within, that struggle going on to subject himself to the Divine Will, from which sprang the poetry which moves us most in him.

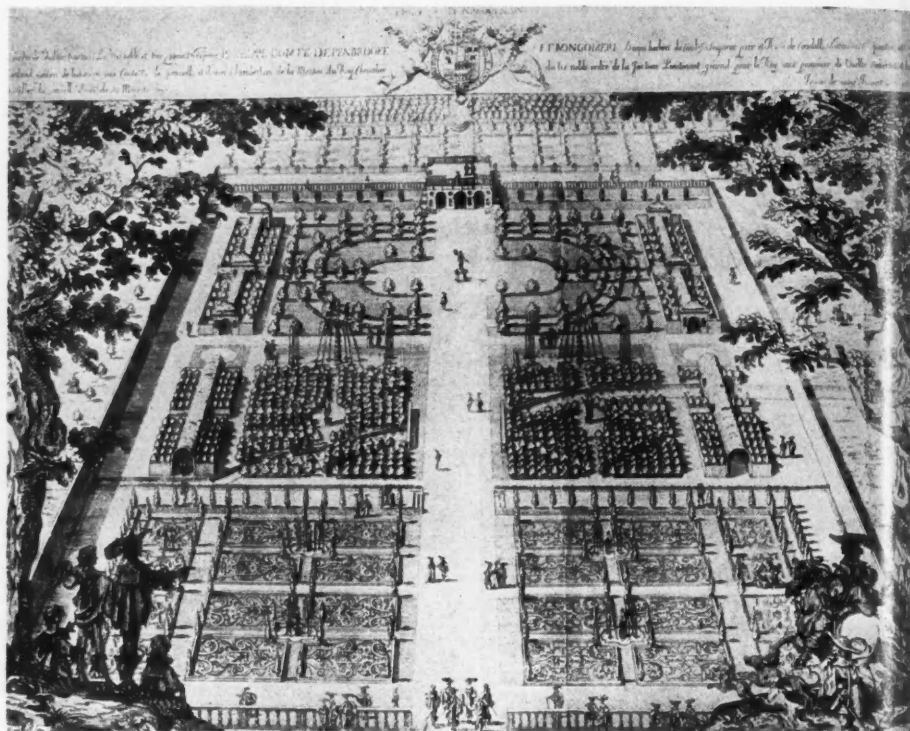
Then, in 1630, he took the decision from which there was no turning back. He married, took the living of Bemerton near Salisbury, outside the park gates of Wilton, and the next three years saw him set a standard in his calling which has ever since been remembered in the English Church as the ideal to which the country parson can look for inspiration. Canon Hutchinson, who understands

all this with an exquisite sympathy, so sensitive a touch, sums up George Herbert's inner struggle as no one better:

The letters which Herbert wrote from Bemerton show how far he had travelled since his Cambridge days; they manifest an achieved character of humility, tenderness, moral sensitiveness and personal consecration, which he was very far from having attained or even envisaged when he was dazzled by the attractions of the great world. Above all, *The Temple*, in which he laid bare the long story of his inner life, with all its faults and its ardours, and *A Priest to the Temple*, which he wrote at Bemerton that he might have a "Mark to aim at," reveal the man, both as he had been and as he had become. . . . The inward conflict which had lent such poignancy to the poems written in the period of indecision and inaction was quieted when Herbert went to Bemerton, and there are only occasional echoes of it. Many of the later poems breathe a spirit of content.

Herbert's aim in his prose-work, *A Priest to the Temple*; or *The Country Parson*, was to portray the character and rule of life of the ideal pastor: "which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree." His ideals, besides being the ripened fruit of his own spiritual struggle, were much influenced by his friend, Nicholas Ferrar and the circle at Little Gidding. Herbert was minded to set such a standard for the country parson in his office as to lift him out of "the general ignominy which is cast upon the profession"; the precepts which he enjoined were those which inspired his famous pastorate during the three years when he was Rector of Bemerton. His own example, even more perhaps than his book, has been a lasting influence upon the congenial and charming tradition of the country parson in England.

What is remarkable about Herbert is his combination of great common-sense, his feeling for the plain country folk (he, too whose early ambitions were set upon Courts), with the rigorous standards of a saint. He was an aristocrat to his finger tips, not only in his own spiritual and æsthetic sensibilities (the two were one with him), but in the tone of authority with which he addresses his folk, whether labourers and ploughmen, or gentry, or noblemen. For example, he says: "If there be any of the gentry or nobility of the parish, who sometimes make it a piece of



THE GARDENS OF WILTON IN GEORGE HERBERT'S TIME
From the engraving by Isaac de Caus

state not to come at the beginning of service with their poor neighbours, but at mid-prayers, both to their own loss, and of theirs also who gaze upon them when they come in . . . he (the parson) by no means suffers it, but after divers gentle admonitions, if they persevere, he causes them to be presented." Really, one feels, the Caroline parson would need to be a Herbert to take this high and mighty line with the gentry of his parish, let alone the nobility! One wonders if this was the course he took with his distinguished and haughty relations beyond the rectory gates and across the park-pale at Wilton.

With the simple country folk no wonder he was a success: his ideal rested upon such a strong foundation of sense and meticulous attention to duty. The country people live hard and by the sweat of their brow; therefore their parson must avoid all covetousness and give according to his means. He must be strict in keeping his word, plain in speech and apparel. He must know about tillage and pasturage, be well-versed in cases of conscience; he must be moved himself to move others. The saint was a good psychologist.

When he preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech, it being natural to men to think that where is much earnestness, there is something worth hearing; and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know who marks, and who not; and with particularising his speech now to the younger sort, then to the older, now to the poor and now to the rich.

Here speaks the practised speaker. The man who had been Public Orator at Cambridge. What would one not give to have heard one of George Herbert's sermons? He knew his Caroline country folk well, "which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they well remember." When he was at Cambridge he had compiled a collection of "Outlandish Proverbs": the accumulated wisdom, the traditional wise-cracks, of our country folk. No doubt he found them useful in the pulpit at Bemerton. It is a congenial trait that he recommends sermons should last no more than an hour: so very un-Puritan!

The parson entertains his parish folk, his farmers, in turn, and helps to order the poor, parting with some of his living to them in hard times and helping them to find employment: one sees something of the age-long work of the country clergy, along with the J.P.s and parish wardens, in this. He does not disdain to enter the poorest cottage, "though it smell never so loathsomely." He sees that the church is swept, and "at great festivals strawed, and stuck with boughs." He acts as a lawyer for his flock, reading up the J.P.'s book and deciding issues between them. No less he should know how to effect



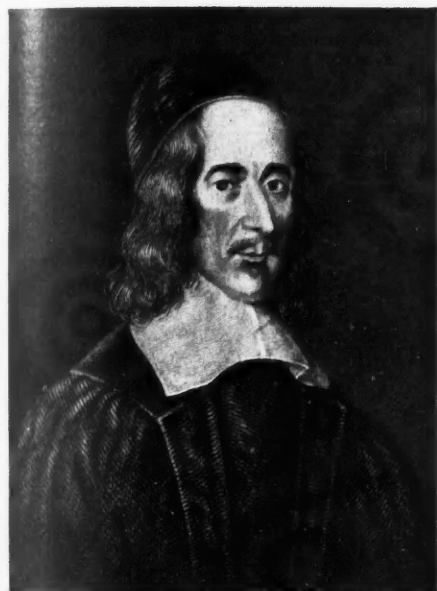
Will F. Taylor

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE MEADOWS

George Herbert must often have seen it thus as he walked in twice a week to hear service and make music



THE VIEW OUT OVER THE LITTLE TOWN AND THE HEIGHTS WHERE MONTGOMERY CASTLE STOOD," THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE



GEORGE HERBERT

cures with simples and herbs. One thinks of the old-fashioned plants, neglected now, that are still to be found about old habitations in the country, the simples our forefathers used. Herbert was much in favour of old customs, "if they be good and harmless; and the rather because country people are much addicted to them, so that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them therein is to deject them."

In the end we think of Herbert's last days as Izaak Walton wrote of them in his delicate, delicious Life, so well-attuned to its subject: of Herbert walking in to Salisbury twice a week to hear service in the cathedral and afterwards play his part at a music-meeting with friends (like many Englishmen of his class and time, he played upon both lute and viol); of the simple folk in the fields who "did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saint's-bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to

God with him, and would then return back to their plough."

Almost all of Herbert's poetry is concerned with this inner world of experience, as against his contemporary Herrick's frank acceptance of the good things of this world. A charming contrast those two Caroline parsons make, genial Herrick with his quick eye for the flowers (and the maidens) of his Devonshire lanes at Dean Prior, and the "sainted Mr. Herbert." Yet they had so much in common: their love of music, so true to Caroline England, of flowers and birds and church-bells, of the old country customs and the country people; their devotion to the English church they served and by which they are remembered. And though Herbert was so centred upon his inner spiritual life, in turning over his pages one comes upon the evidences, so many notes, of his love of the

fragmentary beauty of this. Take one of his Easter poems:

*I got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.*

We think of those sweet-scented, rush-strewn churches of three hundred years ago. Or when he writes:

*Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.*

one can fancy that long-vanished summer day at Bemerton within view of the trees of the park, within sound of the Wiltshire Avon running softly down to Salisbury. It speaks the very spirit of the English country-side, its lasting contentment and serenity.



Wilt & Taylor

GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH AND VICARAGE AT BEMERTON

SHEPHERDS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

By M. V. MORDEN

LONG ago, when no one had thought of using horses for ploughing and when pigs were leggy, ill-formed creatures fighting for a lean living in the vast forests covering much of the land, sheep were domesticated animals.

The ancient Britons knew of the use of wool, and 1,500 years have gone by since the Roman colonists set up a wool factory in this country that its products might protect their army of occupation against our climate.

During the centuries shepherds have won for themselves a position which on every farm remains unique. A cowman's centre of gravity is the cowshed, and the carter has his stable as a pivot; but a shepherd's only anchor is his flock—and that is seldom in the same place for more than a week or two at a time.

Being a key man, the nature of whose work does not admit of stated hours, a shepherd has always received more varied wages than the ordinary labourer. Sometimes he was given a lamb or two of the year's increase, and often he had the right to fold his master's flock on his own plot of land for a specified period—usually for about 12 nights between Christmas and Epiphany—that the manure thus gained

might help the crop of grain he would grow to feed himself and his dog. Many a bowl of whey and butter-milk did he drink during the summer; occasionally he was given a few sheaves of corn at harvest, and there were perquisites in the way of ewes' milk. One early record states that a shepherd was to be allowed the milk of his flock for seven nights after the equinox.

In the *Glastonbury Customs*—compiled about 1250—is registered the more generous gratuity of the right to milk 29 of such ewes as had lost their lambs, while between the second Sunday after Easter and August 1 the shepherd and the dairymaid could share the whole Sunday milk yield of his flock. To-day his perquisites have resolved into a cash bonus for every lamb reared and the right to dispose of their tails at tailing time.

Throughout the centuries all who wrote of agricultural matters have had many injunctions to offer shepherds. A little primer called the *Colloquium of Archbishop Aelfric*, written for the purpose of teaching small Anglo-Saxon boys Latin at the same time as instructing them in homely matters, puts the following words into the mouth of a shepherd describing his day's work: "First thing I drive my sheep to

pastures and stand over them in heat and cold with dogs lest wolves devour them, and I lead them back to their sheds and milk them twice a day, and move their folds beside, and I make cheese and butter and am faithful to my lord."

A shepherd was expected to keep his sheepcote—the permanent winter quarters of his flock—in a good state of repair, and to sleep in it. In summer he was to guard his flock night and day from a portable hut which was the original pattern of the shepherd's hut on wheels used to-day. He was exhorted to stand rather than sit while watching his flock, that drowsiness should not make him unobservant, and to drive his sheep westwards in the morning and eastwards in the evening that they might always graze with their backs to the sun. The Stuart writer Mascall stressed the need for gentleness in flock management, and the absurdity of throwing anything at sheep and so frightening them. At all times was a shepherd urged to have a dog "to bark when he would have him bark, and to run and to leave running when he would."

In the days when sheep's milk was thought more nourishing than that of cows, one of a shepherd's chief jobs was to milk his ewes twice daily. Incidentally there was a considerable rise in the milk production during 300 years. Walter of Henley writes of 10 ewes being able to equal the milk yield of a cow; Tusser, of Tudor times, puts the ratio at five to one.

Winter feeding always entailed a deal of labour, and before the invention of compound cakes and the clamping of swedes and mangolds, a shepherd had to get his flock through the grassless winter months on hay, barley straw and pease haulms, the leaves of ash and elm that had been gathered and dried in the autumn, and peas, acorns and barley ground up and mixed.

Shearing was a gala time. In the middle of the seventeenth century it is recorded of a Yorkshire landowner that he engaged a piper to play the bagpipes all day for sixpence, that the stirring music might cheer on his band of shearers and fleece-winders. At the beginning of the last century the annual sheep-shearings on the estates of the great resembled in a way our modern agricultural shows. Holkham kept open house for a whole week in 1818 while the shearing was in progress, and after a morning spent in looking at stock and crops, 600 guests sat down to dine at three o'clock.

To-day sheep may be sheared by machinery and folded within electric fences, but the fundamental jobs of lambing and of fighting the insidious attacks of maggot and foot-rot have not altered.

Feeding has necessarily become more scientific ever since what might be called the agricultural revolution in the eighteenth century. It was then that mutton became more important than wool, and for the first time wool was ousted from its place at the head of our trade. As Lord Lynton has written: "Wool grows without much personal attention. But feeding of stock is a matter of individual care, when three days' neglect can remove two months' fat."

The story of the English wool trade is of great interest, for it embraces all our progress and the building up of the nation's riches for the best part of 1,000 years. It was the fact that our sheep lived hard and had often far too little to eat that caused them to grow the short, fine wool so greatly in demand for the manufacture of the best cloth. Once the Hanoverian agriculturists lifted farming out of the rut in which it had lain for centuries and concentrated on the quality of stock and the importance of correct feeding, the relative excellence of wool declined, and manufacturers found they had to import the highest quality wool.

One of the fiercest Free Trade battles ever fought in this country was between the farmers and the cloth manufacturers after the Napoleonic wars. The one—fearing that home prices might be forced down—opposed the free import of short foreign wool; the others—knowing the



J. Dixon-Scott

"THE SHEPHERD'S ONLY ANCHOR IS HIS FLOCK"

This one is keeping vigil on the Sussex Downs



DRIVING THE SHEEP TO PASTURE—ONLY ONE OF THE SHEPHERD'S VARIED DUTIES

dangers of competitive foreign cloth—resisted the export of home-grown long wool. In 1826 the Government removed all duties on wool, and the doom was sealed of those flock-masters who, by artificial protection, had profited from the fleeces of their half-starved sheep, kept, to a great extent, on common land.

If it was during the eighteenth century that farmers awoke to the untapped riches of the soil for crop production, it was during the preceding century that sheep reached the peak of what they had to give the people. During that time we see what Bryant calls the "union of capitalism and cottage industry enriching a whole community."

Different districts had become famous for the species of wool they grew. Thus Welsh wool had a reputation for flannels—its shrinkage capacity being early reached when washed, and the soft wool of the Shetlands was recognised as being unexampled for knitting yarns. But it was during the years between the Restoration and the Industrial Revolution that the three great districts of wool manufacture became renowned for their respective output and that the cottage folk, who span the wool and returned it to the clothiers, did indeed live by the sheep of their locality.

East Anglia turned out serges and similar stuffs; the South-west supplied the highest quality goods and manufactured the celebrated broadcloth in which the rich disported themselves; the West Riding was occupied with making coarser fabrics and so clothed the poorer people. Then, as now, Leicester was famous for its stockings.

But the cogs of trade and the wheels of imports and exports have affected shepherds little. Their badge of office remains their crook and sheep-bells are still highly prized possessions.

There are many varieties of crooks, from the all-wooden *cromac* of the Highlanders to the metal crooks with wooden handles usually seen in the south. The wooden crook is made out of the root of a hazel growth—the necessary twisting to obtain the hook being carried out by applications of heat—while the stick is the stem from which once branched out catkin-bearing shoots. Metal crooks were often made from gun-barrels, and there was a short-lived Victorian fashion for using brass. To-day they are usually of iron and are fitted to ash or hazel sticks. The width of the opening admitting the sheep's leg is finely adjusted according to the breed, and a crook made for heavy down sheep would be useless among a flock of mountain sheep.

There is as much romance attached to sheep-bells as there is to cart-horse brasses, and their history is a great deal older. Their use in hill country, where fogs and snow can easily separate a shepherd from his sheep, is obvious; and, if there are no longer wolves to attack sheep, there are other marauders that can do real damage, and the violent jangling of sheep-bells has warned many a shepherd of impending danger from dogs or foxes.

There was a time when every flock could ring a carillon to mark its whereabouts. It is said that certain sheep-owners chose special-toned bells for their flocks, that their respective shepherds could always tell to whom the sheep belonged and waste no time in rounding up the property of others. More often the bells belonged to the shepherds, who consequently were responsible for the different tones which, while often belonging to no scale, harmonised so well.



SOUTHDOWN SHEPHERD WITH HIS FIRST LAMB OF THE YEAR. The crook—the "badge of office"—is now usually made of iron and fitted to an ash or hazel stick.

ONE NIBLICK

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I WAS writing the other day about a possible famine of golf balls, how foursomes might flourish from economical motives and how a friend of mine had watched a couple playing with one ball and a communal club. I must return to the subject for a moment, because I have just had a letter from another friend, as I hope I may term him, although we have not met since we were at a private school together and must have parted fifty-three years ago. He describes a method of playing a golf match, of which I confess I had never heard, employed by him at that very school. Incidentally, it was after my time, because it involved a golf ball and when I played a little primitive golf there it was with fives balls and hockey sticks.

There were two small boys and they had between them one club and one ball. The first boy drove off and went forward and marked the exact situation of the ball with a piece of paper, much, I suppose, as is done in long jumping or putting the weight. He then threw the ball to his opponent, who was waiting on the tee and drove off in his turn. So the game went on, a little laboriously but with scrupulous accuracy. The notion of the first player throwing the ball back is in itself delicious, for most of us, when we grow up, never become quite so old but that we can still hit the ball farther than we can throw it. It reminds, me, a little irrelevantly perhaps, of a story told of the Head Master of a public school, who was famous for a certain pleasant absence of mind. It was, I think, during the last war; he had put down his car for reasons of economy and taken to a bicycle. He was riding it some little distance from his base when the sound of the school bell was carried to him on the breeze and he realised that he ought to be in school. Without a moment's hesitation he hurled his bicycle into the ditch and ran homewards as fast as his legs could carry him. However, I must not thus obliquely do injustice to my friend and his opponent, even after fifty-three years. The one club they possessed was a niblick!

A niblick in a small boy's hands will not hit the ball very far, unless indeed he contrives to strike it a severe blow with the sole of the club, and that he is likely enough to do, though more by luck than grace. If he lofts it in the more orthodox manner I have no doubt that he could throw quite as far. This suggests to me that a one-club match between two really good golfers, each armed only with a niblick, would be extremely interesting and give scope for a remarkable display of virtuosity. There used once upon a time to be serious one-club matches and the *Badminton* mentions one in particular at Prestwick between young Tommy Morris and Bob Ferguson armed with cleeks which Pob, a great cleek player, won by four holes. To-day they have departed to the same limbo as have the single-wicket cricket matches of old days which I should dearly have liked to see. I love to think of the presumptuous Mr. Dearman of Sheffield challenging Alfred Mynn. The kindly giant gave him a ball or two to hit; then the men of Kent shouted "Finish him off, Alfred," and his wickets were sent flying like a Catherine wheel. This is, however, the most barefaced wandering from the point.

Let me return to one-club matches. The only game at all resembling them nowadays—and it is far from wholly serious—is the form of it in which four or five players engage on each side, each of them bearing a single club and being compelled to play in strict rotation, so that men are seen struggling in bunkers with drivers and putting with mashie-niblicks. However, I am conscious that this used to be a hardy annual of mine, whenever I hailed the approach of spring and the visit of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society to Worlington early in March. It was after the match was over, and also after tea, that the teams would set out in the waning daylight to play their singular game. How I wish I could see again Mr. "Boxer" Cannon and Wing-Com-

mander John Morrison hitting prodigious shots over the fir trees with their putting cleeks! But I grow too affecting.

I never heard, though I daresay there is a Hoylake legend about it, of Mr. John Ball playing any one-club matches, but of all the golfers I have ever seen I think I would have chosen him as my champion in such a contest. The club I would have given him would certainly have been the cleek. Not only was he in his youth a mighty hitter with a cleek in point of length, but he also played with great skill a half or push shot with that club. Moreover, he had a natural gift—I do not in the least know how he did it, and I dare say he did not quite know either—of being able, when he wanted, to get the ball abruptly into the air with a straight-faced club. He could, for instance, get out of a bunker with a club so little lofted that nobody else would have dreamed of taking it, and I fancy the playing of short and lofted pitches with a cleek would have given him comparatively little trouble. At the same time he had the converse gift with more or less any club, of hitting a ball about the height of a room in the teeth of the wind. Witness the well-known Hoylake story of his remark after a wonderful medal score done in tempestuous weather: "I happened to be hitting the ball the right height for the day." In short he would have been armed *cap-à-pie* for a one-club match.

PHEASANT'S GUILF AT THE BACK-END

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

THE pleasure of the tail-end of a pheasant-shooting season lies, to my mind, in informality. The great occasions earlier on when birds and cartidges are counted by the hundred and bags are all important are not necessarily the most enjoyable.

Inevitably there is about them a sense of individual responsibility, weighing heavily on such as are unhappily not shooting up to form. Nor does one retain more than a rather confused impression of birds *en masse* and shots too much alike to be particularly flattering to one's vanity, whereas about the back-end shoots there is more variety of incident.

The bag is of less moment than the manner of its making when birds are few and far between, and one retains a vivid memory of almost every shot, if for no better reason than that such as find their mark are an undoubted tribute to one's skill.

ORIENTAL CUNNING

Sometimes, watching a young cock restlessly shifting about the covert's edge, when the stage is set for the first time through, I have wondered what is passing in his mind. Does the whistle which sets the beaters moving carry a more sinister note than the friendly pipe to the feed basket he has come to know so well?

I think it is even as "he stops and looks and listens," and then dives for a convenient hide, that the latent instinct that his very first flight may prove to be his last is born. And with it, too, the Oriental cunning of his race. For let him sail through the barrage once or twice and he will be up to all the self-preservation dodges of which his well-bred brethren are past masters.

You may recollect how the old cock pheasant in Fortescue's *Story of a Red Deer* answered the stag's enquiry why he was so far from home. "The fact is," said the pheasant, "I didn't like the look of things this morning. Some men came round very early while we were feeding to drive us back into the wood. Those stupid Chinese birds flew back all right, but I have not lived all these years for nothing, and I flew up the valley and have been running ever since."

It is tolerably certain that I never shall see the match I adumbrate between two great men with a niblick apiece, but it would, at any rate for a few holes, be intensely interesting. I daresay the mere length of the tee shots would be something of a revelation, for the modern champion is very skilful in playing full shots with much-lofted clubs, a stroke which was once deemed suspect. However I should choose for the match a day with plenty of wind, so that the two champions would have to exercise all their arts in half-topping—yes, and more than half-topping their niblick shots, in order to keep the ball down and make it run. The putting would probably be the least impressive part of the performance but, speaking as one who has sometimes been reduced to putting in public with a mashie, I do not doubt that at least something could be achieved with a niblick.

Generally speaking, it is rash to waver against a good player armed with only one club, for he generally has a shrewd notion what he can do with it. A good many people discovered this at Pau long since in betting against Mr. Charles Hutchings and his famous old Park's crook-necked putter. Various odds were laid against various scores, lengthening as the scores grew smaller, and I think Mr. Hutchings pocketed the whole amount with a score of 81, with a gutty ball. He often used that club, instead of a cleek or driving iron, so he emphatically knew what he was about; but quite apart from that special case, a really good player can do wonders with a single and unpromising weapon, even as Samson did, and is an ill man to bet against.

As he spoke there was an echo of two faint reports, a sound strange to the stag. "Those are the guns," went on the old bird, "beating my wood. To-morrow they will be there again, but the next day I shall return." And he ran under a bramble bush on to a heap of foliage, so that you could hardly tell his neck from the live leaves or his body from the dead.

At any rate, that typifies the back-end cock's resource. The hen is an obliging creature in that she invariably comes over straight, albeit high, and never is her flight more tempting than when "cock's only" is the order of the day. But not so her lord. Every time this season on which an ounce of lead has sped harmlessly behind his tail he has treasured the experience that it may profit him anon.

Now he looks before he leaps—or rather flies—for he is a trained half-miler and knows full well that his legs will save his neck more surely than his wings.

A CATCH SOMEWHERE

So, although the guns are placed to-day quite differently from the way they were placed when those self-same coverts were shot two months ago, one knows instinctively that there will be a catch in it somewhere. Then all were forward below the beeches in the valley; now two are in the central rides, and even so, we could do with yet another couple to reach the birds which are breaking far back. Lest I seem to stress unduly the guile of seasoned birds, here is a true tale of three lone pheasants:

In the hush, as yet unbroken by the tapping of beater's sticks, there is a sound of rustling on the carpet of frosted leaves. It is a wary cock, already on the alert, and by no means unconscious of impending trouble. He looks almost black in the shadow as he runs a few yards and stops to listen; uneasy in his mind, he bustles back again.

Next he makes a cast out to the covert's edge, but, scenting danger that way, he drops into the ditch and once again moves forward. Then, irresolute, he faces me in the sunshine in all the glory of his winter's plumage. And although I do not move an eyelid he sees me,

or smells my pipe; in a flash he is under a bramble; and legging it for good. Then seconds after comes a chorus of "back" in his direction, but there is no answering gun, and the old rascal has once more out-maneuvred us and saved his skin.

Again, from out a sudden flush of birds far back in the wood a gaudy specimen detaches himself. I can watch him all the way as he heads straight for the forward line, and, with his engine going all out, he rises higher and even higher till he spies the human batteries below. Then, without reducing speed, he changes his

mind, resets his compass, and swings with a wicked pinion twist right over the flank of the wood, where the waiting gun, with the sun full in his eyes, takes a good minute to realise that his prospective victim is even now dropping into a gentle glide 200 yards away.

Then there is one last veteran of the old guard, to whom I hand the palm. The beaters are coming up, and out he comes to the very covert's edge. A full half-minute he stands right up and looks left, right and centre.

And then, with a cool impertinence which argues in itself his knowledge of the fact that

his breed is sacred on the ground, he legs it along the ditch for a good 100 yards within the range of four twelve-bores and three sitting dogs. And where the ditch meets a low bramble hedge, he slips in as pretty as you please and gains immunity for a twelve-month more.

Such are the wiles of the back-end pheasant, and as we turn homewards towards the setting sun, there drifts on the air a chortle from the coverts. There is in the sound a note of satisfaction mingled, perhaps, with the expression of joy in deliverance, but does it also contain a touch of derision? I wonder.

CORRESPONDENCE

A USE FOR COUNTRY HOUSES

It would seem very probable that after the war many retired members of the unprivileged professional and vocational classes will find themselves very impoverished. Some, no doubt, already are secretly apprehensive. How relieved their minds would be if they could look forward to a communal life with congenial companionship, freed from the responsibilities of housekeeping, in quiet, dignified, beautiful surroundings.

It would seem very probable also that after the war many of the nobility and landed gentry will find themselves, through the demands of taxation, compelled to dispose of their homes.

Would it not be to the advantage of both of these classes if some of the large country mansions that may well come into the market shortly could be acquired for use as Charterhouses for old or retired professional men and artists? What I visualise is a mansion converted to accommodate 40 or 50 bachelors and widowers. A manager and matron-housekeeper would see to the administration, but the tenants would have a say in the organisation of their communal life through a house committee, elected by and from the tenants.

Every tenant would have his own rooms, which he would furnish himself. Here he could enjoy full privacy.

A good library, a studio, music-room, laboratory and workshop would enable occupants still to pursue their interests. Hobbies, such as gardening, could be made beneficial to the whole community. Facilities for out- and indoor games would be available. If several mansions were functioning an occupant could enjoy a change of scene by exchanging his rooms for a while with the occupant of another mansion. Guest rooms should be available.

To realise such a dream, obviously funds would be the first necessity. Could not COUNTRY LIFE start a fund? The National Trust and the professional and artistic benevolent institutions, if approached, would

surely provide the personnel for a committee to administer such a fund.

Eventually I believe the scheme could be self-supporting. The tenants, I suggest, would fall into three classes: (a) Those who could afford to contribute at a rate approximating the tariff of a non-luxury hotel; (b) those genuinely impoverished in the service of their profession, for whom a civil pension or some equivalent might be available; (c) those who would qualify for admission through some form of insurance or annuity.

I am most anxious to get into touch with any who could help me to further this idea, which will be seen to afford the intelligent bachelor or widower in his old age some of the amenities of collegiate and club life as an alternative to either the loneliness of a bed-sittingroom or the enervating boredom of a luxury hotel. Similar mansions, of course, might be at the disposal of elderly women of these classes.—HESKETH HUBBARD, (Vice-President, Royal Society of British Artists), E4, Albany, Piccadilly, W.1.

[A comment on this proposal will be found in "Country Notes."—Ed.]

THE BAD OLD DAYS

SIR,—Now that farming is so much in the public mind, I think you will be interested in the accompanying photograph which was taken during the winter of 1938-39. It shows a snow-covered binder which was left in a field from the time the oats were cut—the end of September—until well on into the New Year, undergoing all kinds of weather during that period.

Such a thing could not happen now; no farmer would be so short-sighted as to be so careless, and, even if he did, public opinion would soon compel him to mend his ways. But it shows that those bad old days when valuable machinery was left in the open to deteriorate are not far distant. It needed the coming of war to teach some of us the place that agriculture should take in this country.

The photograph was taken in a well cultivated part of Angus, but I



THE YOUNGEST GOES RIDING

(See letter "Exercise in the Snow")

feel it would be unkind to mention the exact locality.—T. LESLIE SMITH, Ashwood, Broughtly Ferry, Angus.

EXERCISE IN THE SNOW

SIR,—I think you may be amused by the enclosed photograph, a reminder of a recent heavy snow fall. The only way of giving the youngest an airing was to put her on a box saddle on the Shetland pony. Prams were impossible and two-year-old legs could not manage the deep drifts. This little horsewoman was first mounted at the age of sixteen months and called for her pony before she could talk. She thoroughly enjoyed her snowy ride.—COUNTRYWOMAN, Midlothian.

WHY MOUNT A HORSE FROM THE LEFT?

SIR,—Many of your readers must have been surprised that they received no help from the Brains Trust when they were asked recently why we mount a horse from the near or left side. Professor Joad felt that it has something to do with the right knee, which when swung over the horse's back, he said, is the first to gain contact with the saddle. This, of course, is not so, because the left knee should be in contact the moment the left foot is put into the stirrup. Commander Campbell would not tell us very much for, if I heard him correctly, he excused himself on the ground that sailors are proverbially bad horsemen, though this is not borne out by facts, and others of the Trust were no more helpful.

We mount a horse from the near side for the reason I will explain later, but I would first point out that a horse receives what might be called a left-hand education. He is always approached from the near side, he is led from that side, and he is always fed in his stable from the left. From the same side, too, he is rugged up at night, his surcingle is made to buckle from the left, and the throat lash, noseband buckle, and curb chain are all fastened or adjusted from the near side. He is saddled and girthed

from the left, though some of us like to place the saddle on from the off side, and the reins on mounting are always held in the left hand; but none of these facts indicates why we mount our horse from the near side, although mounting a horse on the road from the left might be from motives of safety, as to mount from the right would invite a nasty accident from an oncoming car. The real reason, however, is to be found, I believe, away back in the times when practically only those who rode were cavalymen, or cavaliers; in other words, a horse was mounted by people who carried swords on their left side, and to them it was necessary not only to be able to mount without becoming hopelessly entangled by a sword scabbard, but to have free the sword arm, which is the right arm. The contortions of a rider mounting from the right side under those circumstances can better be imagined than described, and it is for that reason that a horseman used the near side for mounting and the rule exists to this day.—R. S. SUMMERHAYS, Editor of *Riding*.

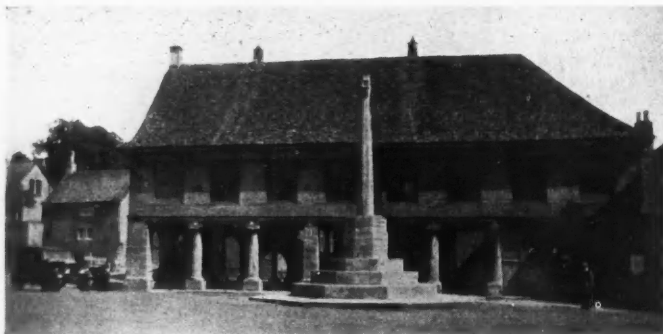
LANGLEYS AND THE TUFNELLS

SIR,—It is a curious coincidence that at the time of Samuel Tufnell's purchase and rebuilding of Langleys another Samuel Tufnell should have been working as a sculptor (and probably as a builder, since the combination was usual during this period) in Westminster. His *chef-d'œuvre* is (or was) in St. Mary le Bow—a large classical monument with a bust to James Cast. This handsome work was designed by an obscure architect and carpenter J. Potter, who built the first Haymarket Theatre. A bust to this Samuel's brother Edward Tufnell, architect, is in the South walk of Westminster Abbey Cloisters; another of the family (a joiner, I think; but I am writing from memory) subscribed to Dart's *Westminster Abbey*. Edward Tufnell's bust is vigorous, and although unsigned is clearly by Samuel of Westminster. To my knowledge other signed works by



A BINDER AT THE MERCY OF THE WEATHER

(See letter "The Bad Old Days")



THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MARKET HALL OF MINCHINHAMPTON, AND—



—THE STRANGELY FOREIGN-LOOKING CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY

(See letter "The Charms of Old Minchinhampton.")

Samuel Tufnell of Westminster may be seen in Wells Cathedral Cloisters (two) and in St. Helen's, Abingdon; I think there is another at Leyton; and tablets at Rostherne (Cheshire) and St. Mary Abbots may be attributed to him. Of architectural work by him I know nothing. I believe that Edward Tufnell worked on the fabric of Westminster Abbey. This Samuel Tufnell's floruit was c. 1710-1730.—EDMUND ESDAILE, *Malden, Moreton, Buckingham.*

[Mr. Hussey adds: "It is not at all unlikely that Edward Tufnell the architect, who was, Mr. J. J. Tufnell tells me, some relation of Samuel Tufnell, may have been the archi-

tect consulted for the design of Langley. Edward Tufnell was precisely of the same type as Townsend of Oxford, and Price of Wandsworth, who were suggested as possible architects."—ED.]

THE CHARMS OF OLD MINCHINHAMPTON

SIR,—It seems strange that so unusual and interesting a church tower as that of Holy Trinity, Minchinhampton, should receive such scant attention in any description of the church, the main interest of which, we are told, lies in its brasses, one of which commemorates a Dr. James Bradley, at one time Astronomer Royal, who died in 1762.

If there are similar church towers in other parts of Great Britain I have not come across them, but on seeing Holy Trinity I was at once reminded of one I saw some years ago in Westphalia.

The seventeenth-century Market Hall is also quite notable and a relic of days when Minchinhampton was a cloth-making centre and market town.—E. K. LEWIS, *Scarborough House, Malvern, Worcestershire.*

WORKING WHEELWRIGHTS

SIR,—It was good to read in a recent issue of the old wheelwright still using his ancestral tools. Here on the other hand is a young wheelwright working in Herefordshire: the shop is the village blacksmith and



THE YOUNG WHEELWRIGHT

(See letter "Working Wheelwrights.")

wheelwright's at King's Cople: actually the building was formerly a malt-house.—K. MIDGLEY, *Shropshire.*

WING-POSITIONS OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE (April 19, 1941) a correspondent remarked on the upright position—with wings raised and tail depressed and fanned—of a Marsh tit when it came to his bird-table and put on the brake, so to speak, in order to stop suddenly. I am sending some illustrations of wing-positions of birds which I think will interest the writer of this letter and perhaps others of your readers. The two gull pictures are a pair, showing how the wings are used in (a) alighting and (b) taking-off. Several different stages of flight are shown, some of the attitudes being most difficult to catch with the eye when watching birds in action; notably the left-hand bird in the taking-off picture. This bird shows how the wings and tail are depressed to form a continuous piece of mechanism which compresses the air sufficiently to lift the bird upwards and forwards. In two other birds may be seen how the wing tips are rotated so rapidly as to beat my 500th-second shutter-speed, as they are brought back edge-on to the wind in the line of least resistance.

The two small prints show a greenfinch, head-on and in profile. Its wing movement was much too rapid for the compur-shutter I used for this, whose fastest speed is 1-200th second. They give a fair idea, none the less, of a small bird's taking off.—CATHERINE M. CLARK, *Fayrer Holme, Windermere.*

[These interesting snapshots well illustrate our correspondent's remarks on the braking effect of the spread wings and tail, also the bird's actions in taking off, but we must point out that camera shutter speeds as marked on the instrument (unless the shutter has been recently tested) are rarely more than approximate and, where they depend on spring tension, may be widely divergent from reality; hence such marked speeds are no more than a rough indication of the rate of movement of the subject photographed.—ED.]

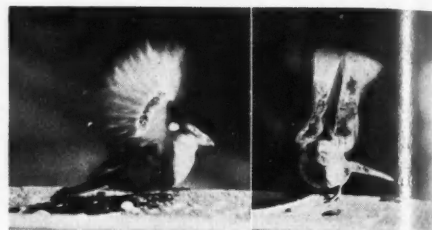
SAVING BIRDS AND TREES

SIR,—May I ask the aid of your columns in bringing to the notice of elementary schools the Bird and Tree Challenge Shield Competition of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds?

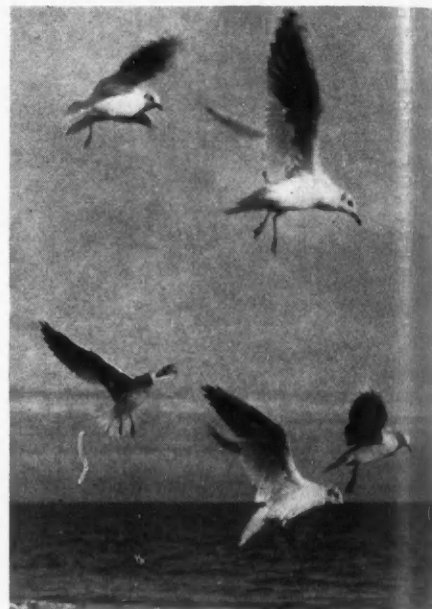
The object of the Bird and Tree Scheme is to develop children's interest in and knowledge of wild birds and trees, and of nature generally through direct outdoor observation, and I am particularly anxious to recommend it to teachers in charge of evacuees from the towns.

Last spring complaints of the wanton destruction of nests, eggs and

birds by children were widespread, and this Society is striving its utmost to prevent a recurrence of such a state of affairs. So long as the general public, whether child or adult, scarcely knows one bird from another, and has no sound knowledge of the necessity for birds in man's fight with insect foes, or of their differing feeding habits, such destruction will continue to a greater or lesser degree. In districts where the Bird and Tree Competition has been adopted by the schools, much ignorance about birds has been dispelled, with marked effect. Teachers, H.M. Inspectors, and others



THE RAPIDITY OF A GREENFINCH'S WING MOTIONS



(a)—GULLS ALIGHTING, AND—



(b)—TAKING OFF

(See letter "Wing-positions of Birds in Flight.")

associated with the scheme over a long period of years all agree that it would be difficult to find a more successful means of imparting genuine knowledge and pleasure to children—opening their eyes, rousing quick minds and ready sympathies—and thereby ensuring the preservation of the wild birds and trees of the land.

Intending entrants—and it is hoped to welcome many new schools in 1942—should write for entry form and particulars to the Director, Bird and Tree Competition, 82, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.—M. G. DAVIES, Director, Bird and Tree Scheme, The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

I see that I am quoted in an article appearing in COUNTRY LIFE (November 7, 1941) on the speed at which certain birds fly. There is one small error. The observer on this occasion was my wife, not myself. I do not thereby suggest that the observation may, therefore, be inaccurate. Far from it. My wife and I have made the most of our observations in company, and she is a fully trained and most careful observer. I quote in full from the incident which appears on page 78 of my book, *Life with the Golden Eagle*:

"At four o'clock she had seen the eagle perched upon the topmost point of a hill 3,000 feet high and just across the glen. As she watched, the eagle soared out from her lofty perch, and, without a movement of the wings, rose a full 3,000 feet above the hill-top. Suddenly she was seen to close her wings and drop earthward at stupendous speed. In three headlong dives she fell, checking herself momentarily between the stoops. She reached the eyrie just six seconds after she had first closed her wings. The nest was approximately 1,100 feet above sea level, and so she had dropped some 5,000 feet in the incredibly short time of six seconds!"

Incidentally, the eagle which my wife had watched was one which I had been photographing from a hide. My wife and I had been taking alternate watches, and it was during my watch that she had witnessed that great stoop earthward.

Human judgment is not infallible, and it is, of course, possible that the eagle had not risen 3,000 feet above the hilltop when she began the stoop. You will notice that in my notes I have written "some 5,000 feet."

The following is an experience which I myself had of the awe-inspiring speed at which an eagle can rush earthward. I was in a hide beside an eagle's eyrie and, the day being very hot, I had put my head through the opening at the back of the hide for a breath of air. As I looked up into the deep blue sky I saw there an object that at first glance I took to be one of the myriads of insects flying above the heather and through the pine trees. Even as I looked, the supposed insect resolved itself into a golden eagle, rushing earthward at stupendous speed, and I had only just time to draw back my head inside the hide when the eagle had arrived. He was the male bird and in his talons he carried a ptarmigan that he had taken amid the high Cairngorms. His speed was so great that he could not check himself at the eyrie, and continued a little way down the hillside beyond it, there swinging round and returning uphill with the remains of his momentum without moving his wings. Here again, it is impossible to calculate his aerial speed. But all who are familiar with the golden eagle will agree with me that, for the bird to appear no larger than an insect against the sky, it must have been a long way off. I should imagine that here again the speed was considerably in excess of 300 miles an hour, but I have no actual proof. Nor do I see how absolutely correct timing of any eagle's earthward stoop could be obtained, for

the bird is always at a great height at the commencement of the drop, and that height can only be calculated very approximately.

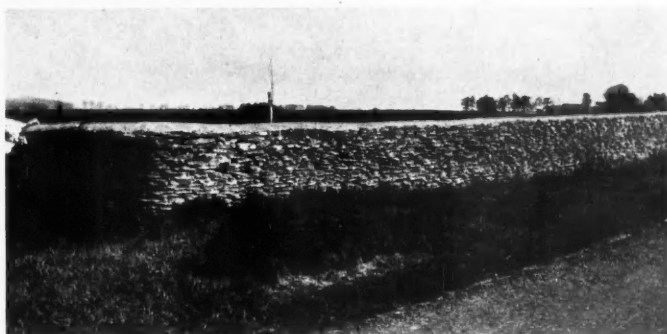
I agree with Sir Maurice Denny (COUNTRY LIFE, January 9) that there is a tendency to over-estimate the speed of a bird's flight on the level. The average bird does not exceed 40 miles an hour, and I doubt whether on a still day, a golden eagle could exceed 50 miles an hour on the level.

I see that Sir Maurice Denny mentions the peregrine. I do not think the stoop of the peregrine in speed approaches that of the eagle. It may indeed, look faster, but then the smaller the bird the greater the apparent speed, and the peregrine is

at a distance of not more than 10 yards exactly abreast of the car and about 10ft. above the ground. She was gliding at an angle of approximately 1 in 20; there was a complete calm. My husband and I carefully checked her speed over more than 150 yards. The speedometer reading was 23 m.p.h., and at this speed the instrument reads 1 m.p.h. too fast. The bird was in no hurry and landed soon after.—JESSAMY WAITE, London, S.W.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW FOREST

SIR,—Is it justifiable to take advantage of war-time conditions to perpetrate such a permanent act of



BETTY'S GRAVE AT THE CROSS-ROADS

(See letter "At the Cross-roads")

much smaller than the golden eagle.

In *Bird Flight*, by Gordon C. Aymar (1936) there is on page 145 a photograph of a swift in flight, and it is mentioned that according to E. C. Stuart-Baker, who timed swifts with a stop-watch over a two mile course this bird travels at 200 miles an hour. This is presumably on the level.

Dr. F. Fraser Darling, if I remember rightly, in one of his books or articles mentions his timing of the golden eagle from its perch on the summit of a high hill in Wester Ross, and gives a very high speed.—SETON GORDON, Upper Duntulm, Isle of Skye.

A PHEASANT'S GLIDE

SIR,—While I was coasting down a straight and even gradient near Cholsey, Berkshire, on Boxing Day, a hen pheasant kept perfect formation

vandalism as that contemplated by the New Forest Farm Scheme?

The scheme is being launched to increase the cattle population which according to the promoters was shrinking "alarmingly," but, in the opinion of those who had the interests of the Forest itself at heart, such shrinkage of the numbers of cattle grazed was all to the good. The New Forest was never intended for a cattle preserve. It should be a nature reserve or a national park. Both its interest and its amenities will be permanently destroyed by turning it into a ranch. The iniquity of the scheme is the greater as the tax-payer will have to subsidise it at the rate of £5 per acre in an attempt to make it pay. The area ultimately aimed at for conversion is 20,000 acres, which is approximately one-third of the whole forest. One would rather give up beef altogether than pay such a price for it.

All those interested in natural history should make a protest.—H. H. HAINES, Glyncogan Hall, Berriew, Montgomery.

"... HOW TO GOE UNTO IT"

SIR,—In his fascinating article on Milestones (COUNTRY LIFE, September 26, 1941) Mr. Ralph Jefferson refers to John Ogilvy's work as Charles II's cosmographer. The first edition of Ogilvy's road-book appeared in 1675, but your readers might be interested to see a photograph showing the Lincolnshire page from a curious, pocket-size road book which preceded this—a book published in 1668 by Thomas Jenner. Its title-page declares that the book is "a work very necessary for Travellers, Quartermasters, Gatherers of Breeds, Strangers, Carriers, and Messengers with Letters, and all others that know the name of the place, but can neither tell where it is, nor how to goe unto it." The maps provided are the now rare "thumbnail maps" first produced in 1635 by Matthew Simons.

The place-names on these maps are indicated in a form of basic English which few but those fully acquainted with the different counties could possibly have deciphered, for each place is represented by its initial letter only and there is nothing to indicate whether it stands for a town or a castle!—G. B. WOOD, Leeds.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

SIR,—If burial at a cross-roads was as common a fate as might be supposed, judging by the tales of violence handed down from our forefathers, it is curious that so few traces of the custom are to be found. Or perhaps the places were not meant to be remembered, and so it is more curious to find any at all! One such at least has, however, given its name to a place on the Ordnance map, "Betty's Grave," which appears where two by-roads cross not far from the main Cirencester to Fairford road.

And for confirmation of the tradition, here is the grave mound carefully maintained. Mr. Massingham says that a few years ago there was a signpost with "To Betty's Grave" on one of the arms. This has disappeared, but perhaps the newly planted tree inside the field wall is meant to help to mark the place.

The grave is said to be that of a gipsy woman who was murdered close to the cross-roads and there buried.—M. W., Hereford.

A WATER-WHEEL

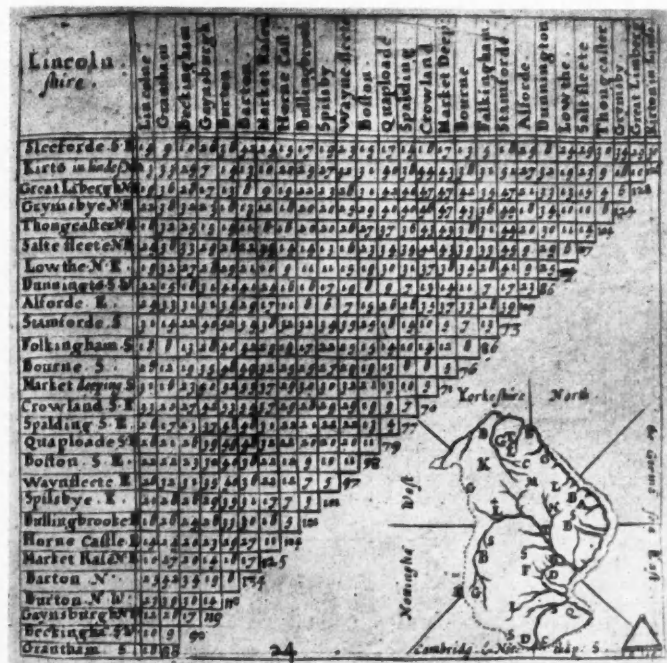
SIR,—I think I know the water-wheel shown in COUNTRY LIFE for December 19, and referred to by Major Jarvis in his *Countryman's Notes* of January 16.

May I suggest that, if this is the wheel I am thinking of, Miss Savonius is wrong in her idea that it was used on a lead mine? Near by there are a water-filled china-clay pit, the remains of a Cornish pump, a large reservoir—now empty—and an embankment with signs of tramlines.

There never was a stream here of any size, and the use of the wheel was probably this: the Cornish pump raised water from the pit—and there is always water in a clay pit—and delivered it into the reservoir. The clay itself was hoisted out of the pit and sent by trucks to the separating pits lower down the valley, the trucks travelling by their own weight full and being pulled up again by the water-wheel in question. Thus the wheel was only used off and on, so allowing the reservoir to fill up while the trucks were going down-hill.

This wheel has now been taken down. It was 30ft. in diameter and would have generated about 10 to 12 n.p.

It would be interesting to know whether we are both thinking of the same wheel.—VALENTINE E. SCOTT, The Old Vicarage, Aust, Bristol.



A PAGE FROM A ROAD-BOOK OF 1668

(See letter "... How to Goe Unto It")

FARMING NOTES

COLD WEATHER ON THE FARM

SNOW and hard weather such as we must expect at this time of year bring their compensations. They involve an almost complete stoppage of the normal work of the farm: ploughing cannot go on; carting on slippery roads is difficult; the ground is too hard for ditching, and so other jobs have to be found for the men. One or two days can generally be spent profitably in cleaning up in the barns and round the buildings. If it is a spell of dry cold there is the opportunity of getting some more threshing done if the farm has its own machine or can borrow one. The threshing contractors seem to be heavily booked up. Everyone wants to get their threshing done now and behind them before the rush of spring cultivations. Moreover, this time there is the especial inducement of the higher wheat price in February and March. According to the new scale it begins to fall again in April and all wheat in England and Wales must be threshed by the end of May.

IN my district it is quite impossible to get hold of a threshing contractor for at least six or eight weeks. A neighbour may be able to help with the loan of a machine, but he has no baler. In these days when so much more straw is being grown there is on most farms a surplus which can be sold as baled straw for paper-making. But it must be baled. Neither the paper makers nor the railways want to have to deal with a great bulk of stuff in loose form.

ONE of the factors holding up threshing in some districts is the shortage of heavy corn sacks. The sack hiring companies do not seem to be able to get hold of a sufficient supply to meet all the requirements of our increased corn acreage. The fault is probably not theirs. All the sandbags that have been filled in the last two years must have made a very heavy call on jute supplies, and no doubt these are limited. The important point is surely to see that all the corn sacks are in regular use. There are too many reports of large numbers of sacks being held at the mills for several days or even weeks before they are put into circulation again for return to farmers who anxiously await them.

IT is said, too, in some districts that shortage of labour is holding up threshing. This is not an insuperable problem. The War Agricultural Committees can readily provide two or four land girls to go with every threshing machine. Girls have amply proved their worth at this job. I have heard of one threshing team, which included four women, that made a record for the district by threshing no fewer than 126 sacks of wheat in one day, and it was a short day in December. The experience of Kent, where they are using women for practically all their threshing, has shown that this is work which can very well be handed over to the Women's Land Army. It is especially desirable that this should be done in the dairying districts where the regular farm staff are tied to milking the cows morning and evening and can put in only a very short day's threshing.

ONE of the great benefits which frost and hard weather bring is the pulverising effect on land that has been ploughed. Walking over a field recently broken by a "prairie buster" I could only agree wholeheartedly with the farmer's opinion that the solid freezing of the furrows would do more good than any kind of cultivation. These "prairie busters" from the other side of the Atlantic are great tools for getting into rough old turf. It is a single furrow job, but the slice is, so far as I remember, at least two feet wide and the depth taken is 7 or 8 inches. Moreover, this plough tackles gorse roots as well as bracken without being deflected from its path. From what one hears ploughing was very well forward before Christmas and many thousands of acres of new

arable were turned over in time to receive the boon of the hard spell.

ICANNOT myself quite believe the tale that six inches of snow lying on the ground for a week is as good as a dressing of 1 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia. There is no doubt that snow does somehow help the winter wheat. One thing it will certainly do this year, and that is rid the wheat ground of some of the self-sown oats shed from last year's crops. They stood about in the field so long in August that many of the oats were shed and established themselves along with the wheat at the sowing time in October. It made the fields look extra green, but I would rather see the wheat standing clear in the drills and know that I have got a wheat crop and not a crop of dredge corn that will probably ripen unevenly and give trouble at harvest.

THE War Agricultural Committees are now looking out for the acreage of sugar beet that they have been asked to get this year. In most counties this means an increase on what

THE ESTATE MARKET

FARM TENURES: A RETARDING INFLUENCE

EVIDENCE seems to be accumulating that not merely the "speculator" but the ordinary buyer of agricultural land finds his appetite for it somewhat abated by the recent introduction of restrictions on free and unfettered dealing with tenancies of farms.

What had been regarded as promising negotiations for half-a-dozen good farms have fallen through, the farms being occupied. Although no sort of exception could be taken to the tenants, presumably the would-be buyers preferred to wait and see whether any further interference with the management of the land is likely.

One contingency that is present to the minds of proposing purchasers is that, if the tenure is fixed for a period, the tenants may come to the conclusion that the rent is capable of re-adjustment, inasmuch as notice to quit cannot be enforced. This, of course, powerfully affects the market value of the land. Competition for holdings is to some extent ruled out, and even an investor may wish to take advantage of a market that had until quite recently taken a welcome upward turn. Therefore farms offered with early and assured possession have suffered from the new regulations.

THE IMPERIAL SERVICE COLLEGE FREEHOLD

FREEHOLD premises, and 10 or 11 acres of adjacent land, on the outskirts of Windsor, are for sale in private negotiation, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The premises are adaptable either as a school or for commercial use. Offers have already been received. Some of the buildings are practically new. The property comes into the market owing to the contemplated amalgamation, subject to the approval of the Privy Council, as from next May and at Haileybury, of the Imperial Service College and Haileybury College. The aims and associations of the two establishments have much in common.

Haileybury, three miles from Hertford, has a long tradition of Imperial activity, having originally been the East India Company's College for training the civil servants of the Company. Haileybury College was founded just 80 years ago, and it received the grant of a Royal Charter two years later, in 1864. The modern side of the College is mainly for the preparation of boys for a career in the Civil Service or with the Forces. Among its old boys may be mentioned Viscount Allenby, Lord Sydenham and Sir Reginald Blomfield. William Wilkins designed the buildings, and he used much the same design for Downing College, Cambridge. The later additions include the hall which forms a memorial of Dr. Bradley, a famous headmaster.

COUNTRY TRANSACTIONS

SALES effected, in the last few days, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons include a Buckinghamshire residential estate of over 40 acres, called Pollards Wood, the joint agent being Mr. A. C. Frost, Rounton, Watford, a large house and rather more than 20 acres; and, with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Lyden Croft, a freehold of 14 or 15 acres, near Eden-

bridge. The firm is seeking a large agricultural estate, for an investment corporation.

Jointly Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and Messrs. J. and H. Drew intend, at an early date, to invite competition for Sandford Orleigh, on the outskirts of Newton Abbot. The house is commodious enough for adaptation as a school or for business occupation, as well as, of course, being a comfortable residence. The auction will be held in this South Devon market town, and there may be as many as 10 lots. Some thousands of pounds' worth of country freeholds have just changed hands through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, but the details, like those of a good many other transactions in this present period, must be withheld for the moment.

A few successful auctions of agricultural land may be mentioned. Hazelwall Farm, a Cheshire freehold of 134 acres, let at £230 a year, has been sold for £6,000; and The Old House Farm, 118 acres, with immediate entry, at Stubbs Walden, near Doncaster, realised £3,050.

Cheshire sales of freeholds, wholly or partly with possession, include Newton Hall Farm, 142 acres at Malpas, for £9,000, and a property of just over 25 acres at Newhall, near Crewe, for £3,250.

CINCINNATUS.

LARGE ACREAGES OFFERED

TIMELY notice is given by three or four firms of impending auctions of large acreages. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Geering and Colyer intend to offer for public competition, subject to any acceptable proposal in the meantime, Heathfield Park estate, 868 acres, on the outskirts of Heathfield. As a whole, or in lots, the property will be dealt with locally on April 7. An illustration of the mansion appeared in the advertisement pages of COUNTRY LIFE on January 23. The mansion was entirely renovated and modernised five years ago. It stands in the midst of a park of 366 acres, 500 feet above sea level, and, remarkably for land at such an altitude, the park is adorned by a chain of lakes. The actual or estimated income is approximately £2,000 a year. The farm houses and buildings are of a most picturesque type, and there are plenty of good cottages. In normal times there is a ready market for produce in Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne.

The price quoted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons for a sixteenth-century Cotswold house and 270 acres is £14,000. There are two large houses, farm buildings, cottages, and an old tithe barn.

The greater part of Marsh Court estate, Stockbridge, including the Manor House, King's Somborne, farms, and in all 788 acres, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Gribble, Booth and Shepherd, at Salisbury, on March 3.

The auction of Crowhurst Park, 930 acres at Battle, is fixed for February 11, at Bexhill, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, by order of Mr. John Pelham Papillon. The stone mansion has a pleasing old-fashioned exterior, and it stands in 40 acres of parkland. Four farms, ranging from 64 to 309 acres, are let to substantial tenants and yield a gross rental of £730 a year.

ARBITER

THOSE WE DEAL WITH

By STEPHEN GWYNN

I WANT a word, and the English language refuses to supply it. What is the counterpart to "customers"? Tradesmen? Shopkeepers? In some cases, no doubt; the ironmonger, the stationer, the greengrocer, whose customer I was, were all tradesmen or shopkeepers in my thought of them. But I am a customer (not a good customer; no writing man is) of Mr. Wilson at Bumpus's, and certainly do not think of him as one of my tradesmen. For that matter, I can remember old men in the Haymarket and his incisive, incisive discourses upon the books which it was his trade to sell; I would have liked to see the man who would speak of him as a shopkeeper. Bookseller—that sounds very different.

Again I was (alas! for "was") a customer of Charles Walter Berry's; it was matter for just pride to deal with such a wine merchant, and certainly no one could have described him as a tradesman without showing ignorance of the English language—and of things which matter more. F. S. Oliver, perhaps the ablest and most variously gifted man that I ever knew intimately, would on occasion speak of himself as a shopkeeper, or, more exactly, as a draper. We shall probably all agree that a draper, so to say in essence, can properly be described as a tradesman; the word since Swift's day had literary associations fixing that quality, which Oliver in his pamphleteering more than once skilfully exploited. And a grocer is traditionally the shopkeeper *par excellence*. I ought perhaps to admit that there are wine merchants and there are booksellers to whom the name "tradesman" or "shopkeeper" may fit; but frankly, I cannot. The subject matter of their businesses lifts them, for me, into another category; each is one out of which contact between the whole nature of buyer and seller arises easily, in the course of business.

* * *

My illustrations have not been quite illustrations. It was not through Debenham and Freebody's, of which he was a managing director, that Fred Oliver and I made friends; we met on a fishing adventure, and found a thousand agreements and disagreements, about politics, literature, food, wine and life in general. I did meet Berry first in his place of business—which I came also to know as his place of hospitality; but the alliance spread much wider; we knew each other wherever we were most at home.

Now, there are booksellers known to me only through my dealings with them, but most emphatically known by their personalities. Old Mr. Lamley—is he still in his little shop near South Kensington Station? If not, I think there must still linger there the fragrance of a delicate refinement. Of course, for people who write, booksellers exist not only, nor chiefly, to provide for our wants; we all have the feeling that Mr. Wilson will miss no chance to sell a book by anyone whom he treats as a friend.

About wine merchants, the feeling which I have is certainly not shared by so many as will agree with me concerning the relations that can arise in book-buying; interest in wine is not widely distributed. Still those who feel it do not buy wine merely for their own appetite; in what a man offers to his friends he can express a good deal of his personality, and anyone who has real appreciation for a good wine will find sympathetic response in every wine merchant who is not merely a tradesman. What set me on writing this paper was the thoughts of a man who has just died and whom I never knew outside his office. He supplied me with a great deal of ordinary claret from good shippers that had aged in bottle and was unfit for most of his customers. "Their first idea, when they get a bottle, is to shake it," he said bitterly. I was first directed to him by the common room of Trinity, Dublin, where I had been drinking some very good old Bordeaux; it was only now I learn that this prosperous business man had been a gold medallist in that University. We never discussed literature or politics: but wine is a wide subject and we

talked it freely—I think with mutual liking.

It does not seem to me possible that there should be such intercourse with one's butcher, or indeed any form of provision merchant; they do not sell things so precious or significant. But whoever buys clothes buys the means to express his personality, or hers, and there should be great openings here to intimacy. Having no genius for that form of expression, I never found them; yet I have known tailors who interested me. One, in Dublin, quite good at his job, also experimented with explosives for a sideline and claimed to have invented the depth charge. Another, in London, became known to me when I was a member of the Irish Party, because he subscribed handsomely to our funds; an Irish Nationalist with premises in Savile Row sounded surprising. He proved to be a sportsman with a grouse moor and lake in Donegal, and he made me the best pair of breeches I had during the war. But I remember better another man of his trade who at that war period had a shop in Fermoy—a quiet-spoken old Quaker. From him I was getting, I think it was, a British warm, and let fall the fact that clothes gave me no thrill. "Nor me," he said. "But they give immense pleasure to those young men." Indeed even I realised when I first put on a lieutenant's uniform, with its stripes and curlycues of braiding, that I was wearing a decorated garment—as in the eighteenth century, when men really did dress.

* * *

I have come to realise that because I am not a woman my human relations with those who may or may not be properly called tradesmen are very limited.

There is, however, one class of shops in which I feel it easy and natural to pass almost to terms of friendship. Never do I enter Messrs. Farlows's door without a stirring of pleasure—though I cannot hope to be recognised, since my dealings there, if not few, have been far between. Hardy's is a little too august to inspire feelings except in the regular frequenters; but it is good to turn over some of their beautiful workmanship, and buy perhaps a few trout flies with which one has old associations. But Dublin is the centre of such memories; and for many years past there has been only one fishing-tackle shop proper there. It, during the earliest part of those years, was managed by a woman; and, if one may be allowed to say so,

a woman of very odd appearance. Mrs. Garnett wore the kind of headgear that was old-fashioned when I was a boy. Still she kept the flag flying; her son now maintains the tradition and treats me as a friend.

But it is not in Mrs. Garnett's shop that my fond associations centre; nor can anyone now buy rod, reel, flies or casting line where I bought them, from schooldays on. Martin Kelly's shop had a magnificent position at the end of O'Connell Street (only it was Sackville Street then) facing the street and the quay. In those days Martin Kelly himself would be there—a big, tall man whose fame as a fisherman on the Nore had been such that he came to Dublin and started business. All through my schooldays, through my University days, through my early life in England, I would be dropping in there, year after year, getting the tackle for some of my keenest enjoyments. Then we came to live near Dublin and there were still these big kindly men; but the elder could barely walk now; his leg was crippled. "And I thanked Providence when it took me that way," he said, "for the pain used to be in my stomach and, when it went to the leg, the stomach got all right."

He was dead, though, long before war came to the world and suddenly blazed up in Dublin; that corner house was inevitably shattered when rifle fire and cannon fire were brought against the Post Office, a hundred yards farther down the same street. Compensation was paid, and the second Kelly, no very keen money-maker, found himself able to retire. There is no house of business in Dublin—no, not even Hodges and Figgis, where my school prize-books used to come from—which has such a hold on the memory of my heart as that friendly tackle shop which sells fishing tackle no longer.

* * *

Nowadays, of course, the whole relation is transformed; we approach with whispering humbleness those, however we call them, who may prove able to supply us with matches or biscuits—possibly even with cigarettes. War has put us in our place—us who are on the demand side of the counter. We have learnt that shopkeeping also has its genius; that there are some who contrive somehow to have the things which their customers need—and some who somehow do not. That old phrase "the pleasure of serving you" has come into living reality; and we shall not soon forget those who in serving us rendered us a service. Dealing ceases to be automatic; it becomes as intimate an affair as if it all had to do with books, wine—or even fishing tackle.

HONEYBEES AND POISON SPRAYS

By C. G. BUTLER

IT appears to be the common idea that the value of the honeybee lies in the honey produced; that, in fact, bees are of considerably more value to their owners than to the nation.

It is perfectly true that honey is the main product of beekeeping from the beekeeper's point of view; but from the national standpoint it is a by-product only. The main function of the bee in the national economy, both in peacetime and war-time, is the provision of pollinators for fruit and seed crops. It is greatly to be regretted that this important fact has to this day not been recognised by many British growers, and others are still only half convinced.

VALUE AS A POLLINATOR

This is certainly not true in other countries. In Europe generally, particularly in Switzerland, Germany and Italy, in the Scandinavian countries and Russia, as well as in America and New Zealand, the value of the honeybee, as a pollinator both of hard and soft fruits and of important seed crops, is well recognised. Fortunately, however, in this country the value of the honeybee for this purpose is rapidly becoming realised and expressed by horticultural experts. It has, for

example, been shown that early and good pollination of fruit crops leads to less frost damage, larger crops and better keeping qualities in cold or gas storage. Cross pollination is, of course, essential in the case of many varieties of apple and other crops.

In many places where large orchards or large areas of insect-pollinated seed crops are planted, it has been stated by many workers that there are insufficient wild pollinating insects present for adequate pollination to be obtained. Quite apart from this, the methods employed in intensive cultivation, such as undercropping and ploughing of grassland, destroy the natural habitats of many wild pollinating insects; large numbers are also destroyed annually by poison sprays.

A DILIGENT WORKER

The honeybee has also been shown to be a more constant and diligent worker than most of the wild pollinating insects and is better adapted structurally for this purpose than most wild bees; further, the honeybee is the only pollinating insect whose breeding and numbers can be readily controlled, and which can be taken in large numbers to those places where its activities are most desirable. There is little doubt that the honeybee is the most important

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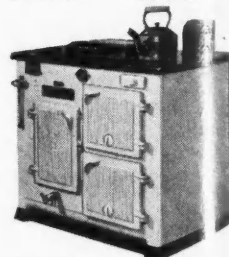
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insect pollinator and its presence is indispensable if a good crop of fruit is to be obtained, particularly in a cold season when the colonies of wild bees are backward and weak.

Unfortunately, as the value of the honeybee in orchards has become more widely appreciated in recent years, so the incidence of poisoning of honeybees by orchard spraying has increased. A great deal of research, particularly in America and Canada, has been carried out on this subject, and important knowledge has been obtained. Under orchard conditions it would appear that arsenic, in the form of lead or calcium arsenate, is the main source of bee poisoning in the usual insecticidal and fungicidal spray mixtures used to-day. All sprays containing arsenic are potentially dangerous to the honeybee itself, but only in severe cases is the bee poisoned. Usually foraging bees that pick up a lethal dose, something slightly over 0.005 of a milligram of arsenic per bee, die in the field and never reach the hive again.

COLONY WEAKENED

Thus poisoning is often hard to prove, and causes serious weakening of the colony rather than its extermination. When cases of brood poisoning do occur it is usual to find that the affected colonies were situated in the sprayed orchard itself. Brood poisoning is always traceable to contaminated pollen and never to nectar collected. There is, therefore, no fear of human beings being poisoned as a result of eating honey taken from a colony that has suffered as a result of spray poisoning.

Observations, supplemented by chemical analyses, indicate that the commonest time for poisoning to occur is just after the "pink-bud" or the "calyx" sprays have been applied.

Weather conditions undoubtedly have an important bearing on the incidence of poisoning; the latter being most likely to occur in a dry spring. This is explained by the bees' habit of collecting drinking-water from the foliage and trunks of trees, as they require a great deal during the brood rearing season, for some weeks after the sprays are applied. The mixtures, being to some extent hygroscopic, become moist, particularly in the early morning when the bees are most actively collecting water.

POISONED POLLEN

Another cause of poisoning, including brood poisoning, is due to the bees collecting poisoned pollen, either from the trees themselves or, more often, from dandelions and other plants in flower beneath the trees, on which the spray has fallen. The idea that bees are attracted to poison sprays on account of the arsenic having a sweet taste has recently been shown to be quite erroneous; arsenic in the concentration used in spray mixtures has no more attraction for honeybees than distilled water.

Various good suggestions for reducing danger to bees of spraying have been put forward. Bees should not be placed in orchards until the early varieties are in bloom and after the application of sprays applied during the "pink bud" stage, and they should be removed before the beginning of "calyx spraying"—i.e. directly after petal fall. The provision of an adequate supply of drinking-water for the bees is also likely to reduce the danger.

In America, where the spraying danger to bees has become very serious in many areas, a conference of fruit growers, farmers, beekeepers,

manufacturers of insecticides and scientists, was recently held to consider this problem, all the delegates being convinced that steps must be taken to overcome the difficulty since honeybees are essential to the economic production of many crops. The possibility of adding a repellent to spray mixtures which will keep honeybees away from them is being investigated both in America and this country. The difficulties are great since the repellent must only deter bees and not prevent noxious plant-eating insects from eating the poisoned foliage, nor must it have any injurious action on the tree. To be efficient it must remain fully effective for at least two weeks after application. In Massachusetts, good results on a large scale and little injurious action have been reported from the addition of one pint of creosote to each 100 gallons of spray mixture. In those cases where burning of the foliage did occur it appeared that the creosote was not adequately mixed with the solution on account of insufficient agitation. So far, no very satisfactory results have been obtained with creosote in this country.

PROMPT REMEDY NEEDED

In conclusion it is true to say, despite some of the rather startling statements which have appeared in the press, that nothing approaching the damage to bees that occurs in America has yet happened in this country. The matter does, however, appear to be urgent and to have become more serious in recent years. We hope, and indeed expect, that, as a result of the research now being carried out, simple and efficient methods will soon be discovered and applied generally for protecting bees from poison sprays and dusts.

SOLUTION to No. 627.

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 30, will be announced next week.



ACROSS

1. Heavenly road for the churns? (three words, 3, 5, 3)
9. Snow-hut (5)
10. "All in as mice" (anagr.) (11)
11. Thrust, carried out with at least one breather! (5)
12. Tombs of apparently one hundred and one saints (5)
15. A desk in bad condition (5)
17. Earlier version of the apostrophe s (3)
18. She was loved by a swan (4)
19. "Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the
replies."—Cowper (5)
21. A chum heads north-east in India (5)
22. How he sat down in a hurry (5)
23. Ogle about five (5)
26. Man is a thinking one, said Pascal (4)
27. How charm must equip itself (3)
28. A k.o. for the Navy? (5)
30. I'm beside the bed (5)
31. Rainer's other name (5)
35. Japs or jaundice? (two words, 6, 5)

DOWN

2. Ha, then I follow it in the West Indies! (5)
3. It was intended, of course, to put me before the insect (5)
4. The Jersey one had no petals (4)
5. "O aching time! O moments big as —!"—Keats. (5)
6. Produce (5)
7. Unpleasant product of the land of poppies an old Contemptible will remember (two words, 8, 3)
8. Sounds like a crush of purely domestic manufacture, though it's perfectly sweet! (three words, 4, 4, 3)
12. Not led by the Town Mouse (two words 7, 4)
13. Suffered from no complex on the road to the fair (two words, 6, 5)
14. May catch the sound of the sea (5)
15. Tree at the fag-end? (3)
16. Van Gogh's gift to a lady (3)
20. Horner's insertion (5)
24. For example, nothing, though self-important (3)
25. Half rancid (3)
28. Pitched, with an eye to it (5)
29. Merely equivalent to nothing down, one would say (two words, 3, 2)
31. Strive (5)
32. Jones seems to declare that he will penetrate to the interior (5)
34. Were in a jug (4).

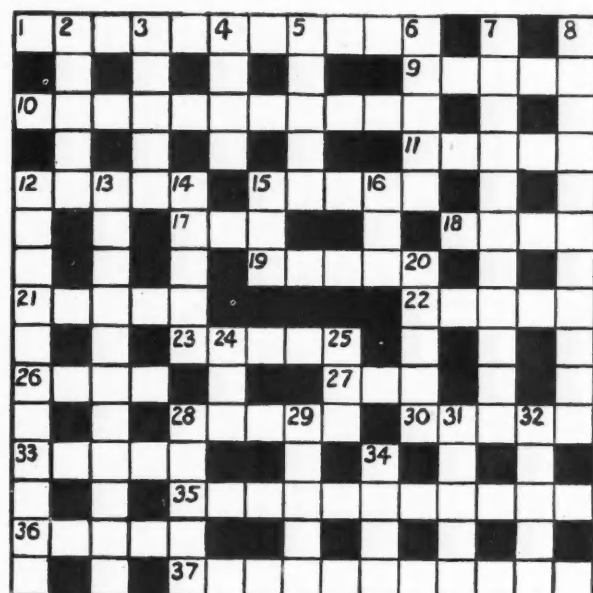
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 628

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 628, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, February 12, 1942.**

The winner of Crossword No. 626 is

A. Blagbrough, Esq., 28, Park Mount, Leeds.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 628.

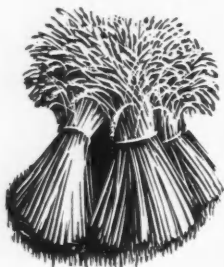


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NEW BOOKS

LIKE AN EAGLE IN A ZOO

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

CONSIDERING their difficulties, publishers are keeping up creditably the look of the books they produce; and there is a lot to be said for a book which is not only good, but good-looking. (How few people are that!) Occasionally, there still comes along a book whose "get-up" is not merely creditable, but splendid; and such a book is the Golden Cockerel Press edition of *W. H. Hudson's Letters*. It is a small but lovely book, and it costs thirty shillings.

Most of these letters are addressed to R. B. Cunningham Graham. One or two are to Graham's mother.

Hudson came to England from South America in 1869, being then twenty-eight years old. This correspondence began twenty-one years later, when he was already, in 1890, a man within a year of fifty. Graham, it seems, had read something by Hudson and wrote to congratulate him. From this a friendship slowly developed and deepened, and lasted till Hudson's death in 1922.

Hudson was not what anyone could call a good letter-writer, and he himself admits as much, pleading in excuse that neither was Conrad! He is not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve or on a page. He is a shy writer, as much concerned to conceal as to reveal. To gain an impression of him, one has to watch him as carefully as he was prepared to watch one of his beloved birds.

A few facts emerge. Even at the beginning, in the first letter, he is not well—"My rather bad health prevents me from going about much"—and he is compelled to live in a district which he dislikes—"such a desert as this, with macadam and mud." He is away for an occasional holiday; but, apart from that, all his letters throughout the thirty-two years of the correspondence, are from this "desert."

HUDSON'S DESPONDENCY

There is a despondency upon him. "I am unwell, out of sorts, also, in a sense, out of the world; certainly not fit to associate with those who are in it, with something to live for who have not yet lost all will and power to work and play."

He cannot be induced to accept Graham's invitations to stay with him in the country or dine with him in town. Was it an "inferiority complex" caused by lack of popular appreciation, or what was it? Anyway: "I could no more dine at Chester Square with you and your friends than with Fairies or Angels."

He is lonely. He does not know whether his people are dead or alive. "I had brothers and sister and other relations out there"—that is, in South America—"but whether they are

living or not I cannot say." This is in 1894. He got in touch again, and in 1910 and 1914 refers to his sister who writes to him from Buenos Ayres.

He is poor, and what he writes does not always please the editors.

In a letter which Mr. Richard Curle, who edits the book, places at "about 1894," he says: "It is too long for any magazine to take. What I do is always 'too' something for editors—or else not 'too' something enough. . . . Better, I say, to live as I do on 'rather' less than £100 a year and be free—yes, free even from life's 'pleasures'."

His nostalgic recollection of the burning sunlight and the open plains

on which he had passed his youth turns the condition of his actual life into something hellish. "Fog and cloud and thick darkness cover us to-day in this loathsome district, a day to remind one of the end of this planet."

He hasn't "the time or the money" to go to the theatre. What queer, old-fashioned prejudice in him caused him to explain that his staying away was "not on account of religious scruples"? Despite attacks of rheumatism, he is able to tour the country on a bicycle.

It is not till the correspondence is in its tenth year that he mentions his wife for the first time.

Although he did not die till 1922, he is already thinking of his end in 1915. Perhaps it was the war which gave a mortal tinge to his thought. He is then in Cornwall, and writes: "I'm pretty bad in health. I just manage to keep going and doing a little work each day in the hopes of leaving a few things finished when the time comes to down tools."

THE SPLENDID FRIEND

He has little to say in these letters either about the work of his contemporaries or about the social and political upheavals of his times, though the rare references to such matters show him to be not without knowledge and prescience. Speaking of Rhodes and Jameson, before the Boer War broke out, he makes the prediction: "It may be that the early years of the twentieth century will witness half a continent drenched in blood."

Cunninghame Graham's side of the correspondence is lost to us. The half of the matter which this book gives is the more fascinating because of the deep social and physical cleavage between the two friends. Beyond the dun shadows in which Hudson lived there were two realities: the splendour of his youth in a splendid land, and his friend, Don Roberto, rich and free, wandering at will in the happy sunny world, riding

W. H. HUDSON'S LETTERS

(Golden Cockerel Press, £1 10s.)

SHEARWATERS

By R. M. Lockley (Dent, 15s.)

ORDINARY PEOPLE

By Edith Pargeter (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.)

THE HIDDEN SON

By Sheila Kaye-Smith (Cassell, 8s.)

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fine horses, himself as beautiful as the lovely animals with which he combined to make one romantic centaur figure. He seems to have been Hudson's life-line to a whole universe of things which could not be enjoyed save through his enchanting proxy, who, on his part, knew to the last fibre of his being the divinity of the spark burning in the crotchety, sick old gentleman caged in Westbourne Park like an eagle in a zoo.

SHEARWATERS AT HOME

I think Hudson would have enjoyed Mr. R. M. Lockley's book, *Shearwaters* (Dent, 15s.). Mr. Lockley has already given us several books about his island-home, Skokholm, off the west coast of Wales. The present volume is concerned with the bird of the petrel family called the Manx shearwater, to which science has attached the superbly idiotic name *puffinus puffinus puffinus*.

The *puffinus puffinus puffinus* turns up in Skokholm early in February, makes its nest of a few odds and ends of material at the end of a burrow such as a rabbit would love, lays one egg, and in the autumn departs for sunnier lands. No one could have had a better opportunity than Mr. Lockley to observe the habits of this charming little bird, for it nests on his island in tens of thousands, filling the night air with clamour in the breeding season. They are not over timid, so that he was able to handle them at will. His method was to discover where a burrow ended and then cut out a turf over the nesting-spot. He could thus at any moment lift what amounted to a trap door and, with the help of a torch, observe the bird on its nest. He could lift out the eggs and mark them; he could ring the birds' legs; he could take out the birds themselves.

With all these facilities to hand, with a scientific passion for the facts, and a love for the birds, and ten years in which to work, it is small wonder that Mr. Lockley has produced a book which is fascinating to read and which seems, at any rate to this layman, to be the last word on its subject.

The birds have this peculiar habit: they do not come in off the sea till dark has fallen. They wait for two hours after dusk, and two hours before dawn they are back on the water. They will not come to land even in bright moonlight. The only birds on the land in the light are the youngsters just hatched and the parents brooding them; and these are at the bottom of long burrows. In the light on land they fear the great gulls that make havoc among them.

It is delightful to read here of the particular birds whom we come, with the author, to know as personalities. They return season after season to the same nests, and Mr. Lockley found that, with a few exceptions, they did not change mates unless an old mate was dead.

In some seasons Mr. Lockley ringed between 3,000 and 4,000 birds, and so was able to obtain valuable records. He found that only one egg was laid in a season, that the incubation period averaged 51 days, and the fledging 72 days. The parents took turns in the business of brooding, each sitting on the egg from four days to a week, starving meanwhile, the one "off duty" being away fattening up, perhaps as far distant as the Bay of Biscay.

Homing experiments made with birds taken to the Faroes, to beyond the Alps, and to other distant places, showed the shearwater to have a strong homing instinct and ability.

Altogether, this is as good a book of its sort as one is likely to find; and it is to be hoped that Skokholm and its wild life will furnish Mr. Lockley with as many more books as the fine ones he has already dug out of its earth and water.

* * *

Miss Edith Pargeter's novel, *Ordinary People* (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.), is the story of George Caswall, worker in an iron foundry, who married Ruth Faber, a nursemaid, and of their four children, little George, Bonny, Hazel, and Jason.

George and Ruth never get any "forrader" socially. Little George became a farmer; Jason, the scholar-poet, made his way to Oxford; Bonny became a London mannequin; and Hazel, the stay-at-home, is in sight of marriage at the book's end.

Ordinary people, perhaps; but with such diverse destinations, and with appropriate wives and husbands to be found for the children, it is obvious that the author has a wide social field to cover; and a long time, too, for the book begins before the last war and ends in the throes of the present one.

Miss Pargeter has handled her big population with knowledge and sympathy and produced a book that is readable and credible through and through.

* * *

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is more "stagey" in her handling of human beings in *The Hidden Son* (Cassell, 8s.). It is a long time since I have read one of Miss Kaye-Smith's novels, and I found nothing in this one to remind me of the author of *Joanna Godden*. The conflict of interests between the needs of agriculture and the ignorant rapacity of the jerry-builder is the book's ostensible theme, but the author does not keep to this. She overlays her subject with at least two other matters—the "affair" of a landowner's grand-daughter with an incredible "Romany," and the attempt of a divorced couple (both re-married) to step back into the felicity they once had known. All these matters do not hang very well together; and the final solution is a mere rabbit out of the hat that will convince none but the most naive reader.

FROM A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

THERE is a touching interest about the poem *Westward* (Cape, 2s. 6d.) for the young author, Mr. John Buxton, has written it in a German prison camp, after being taken prisoner in Norway. But the poem does not need this extraneous help; it can stand on its own merits. The circumstances, however, make peculiarly moving the poem's "Dedication":

I see before me England, whose
am I
Living, and when I die . . .
and:
This speech of England is our
dearest freight,
This cargo of no weight,
For it is packed with the adven-
turing mind
Of poets . . .

Nostalgia haunts the poem, and is responsible for its finest images, markedly those of the sea. Over all, the note of young bewilderment sounds:

There's nothing certain now,
nothing at all:
The old faiths topple and fall
And no new faiths are built to
take their place.

In the nest of English song there will be room for Mr. Buxton when he returns.
V. H. F.



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February FASHIONS

THE first straws of summer are being shown in London, straws that show the way the wind is blowing: shallow straws, boaters with oval brims tied with crisp ribbons, held on by snoods of net veiling that cover all the hair, round straws shaped like a tambourine with streamers of chiffon, instead of ribbon, that shroud the hair and are folded round the throat. Thaarup is showing these tambourine hats in straw, quilted black satin, in felt—and they are most becoming. Both he and

Erik are making extensive use of fringed ribbons and fringes altogether. Erik has a whole batch of felts in a lovely old gold colour with curly brims and coxcombs of fringe set into the highish crowns. They are Regency in inspiration and tend to be oval in shape. Thaarup has a small round hat that is practically all fringe, another, a black felt with natural coloured fringe laid round the edge of the brim and outlining the high crown. Veiling appears everywhere but over the face. Great wings of veiling stand up at the back of small sailors that are a mixture of panne velvet and felt. Streamers of veiling tie under the hair at the back. Net snoods cover the hair. Sometimes three flat bows of grosgrain make a pyramid at the back of the tambourine hats.

All tones of cream, oyster, old gold, cinnamon, russet brown, nut brown, pigskin brown, and every conceivable variation of camel colour, run through all the

collections—fabrics, hats, suits, coats, dresses, shoes, accessories. The suits in nut brown and cream herringbone tweed or in plain crotal brown Shetland or Harris are legion. They are worn with matching brown leather accessories, sometimes brown sweaters and hats as well, sometimes sky blue. Suits with four pockets are less in evidence than last year. Many have only two, as the one from Derry and Toms we have photographed; many have three, two on the right side, one immediately below the waistline, one just above, with the third on the left below the waist again. Many suits, where the pockets are made as inconspicuous as possible in direct contrast to the last few seasons, fasten with a double row of buttons. The buttons are placed about two to three inches apart, and when the coat is open form a very pretty line with a small square at the top and all the buttons showing. On coats the buttons end at about the hip line. Digby Morton features this line in a smart navy and white coat with a pencil silhouette and a rounded collar. Dereta show it on one of their coats that has sold heavily all over the country and is without fullness or belt, a coat moulded to the figure.

OLD gold is a colour to watch. The Grosvenor Street milliners' shops are full of it, so are the new coat collections, a lovely muted shade that is gayer than a neutral beige but just as useful. Greens rank next in importance—all shades of leafy greens. In the 1942 collection of Country Life Wear, eight out of ten tweed coats and suits have green either as the predominant colour in a check or p

Waste Not

- ★ Pencil skirts that cut into as little material as possible lead the styles for 1942.
- ★ Carrying paper to be salvaged. Two suits in nut brown and cream herringbone; one on the left is Lillywhites, on the right, Derry and Toms.
- ★ Everything goes in pairs on the Derry and Toms suit, the pockets, the buttons, the pleats on the skirt. The material is a Saxony tweed.
- ★ A war-time fashion, the dispatch rider's bag that smart women in London are carrying. It comes from Lillywhites, has two zipped compartments, is black, brown, navy or scarlet.



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Knitted hat in grey, brown, wine, russet, and other spring colours, **29/6**.

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Matching cardigan with padded shoulderline (5 coupons), **49/6**.

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The Oval Brim

A shallow black straw with scarlet bows, and a snood of black spot net veiling that confines the hair. Scott's.

or, as a pale leafy green, in the background. The cardigan suits in this collection are outstanding. There is a whole series of them in plain tweeds with a loose hair in the weave, pleated skirts, and jackets edged with rows of stitching, with more stitching on the seams to correspond with the skirts. These pleated skirts have more material in them than will be allowed next season. You can get them for only six coupons, but they cost the firm anything up to ten coupons, so they are a marvellous buying proposition, only possible while stocks of material hold. Cardigan suits, with their collarless neckline, are good for wearing under a top-coat, smart in the house. Useful odd country skirts in this collection are made in mixed plaids in many gored sections, dovetailed together so that the plaid forms big diamonds round the hips. Brilliantly mixed colours for an odd garment are very useful, as they go with accessories in practically any plain shade. Note that swagger tweed coats have disappeared. Top-coats are either soft-shouldered with rounded padding, and belted with some fullness above the waist, or tubular, quite beltless, or with a half belt at the back.

The newest wool fabrics on the market are harsher to the touch, an inevitable tendency in war-time. They come in lovely colours, are very hard-wearing, but will have the effect of making clothes looser, as they cannot be tailored so smoothly as the softer surfaced materials. They need thick stockings, brilliant accessories, a casual Greta Garbo cut. Galloway Reels have one in a lovely pinkish beige colour, the wool left in its natural shade. They also show many tone-on-tone tweeds with a soft handle, report a strong liking for emerald green and camel colour. Novelties in the collection include a black dress woollen with a large self mohair dot which gives it the appearance of a clipped poodle. A fine tweed looks like a tiny dog-tooth check broken in halves, is in nigger and oatmeal colour. The tweeds with harsher surfaces were offset by a whole series of materials that were soft, fleecy and clipped, mostly in shades of camel.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

Grey, Black and Scarlet

Mixed greys and black for a tweed jacket, black suiting like a man's for the skirt. Worn with a scarlet cashmere sweater, a black sailor with one of the new oval brims and a scarlet band, black suede gloves and bag. Debenham and Freebody.



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